CARTOONIST PROfiles

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J.R. and **SUE ELLEN EWING** are the poisonous pair. They're giving marriage a bad name in the DALLAS comic strip.

In this issue are the first releases of the exciting new 'DALLAS' strip. Also included are our conversations with the people involved in the production of this strip which is being distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate.

NO. 49, MARCH 1981

$ 4.00

Meet John Lane, creator of

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the new comic strip from United Feature Syndicate!

Everyone breaks into the syndicated comic business in a different way. Some strips come in "over the transom," some are recommended by friends or friends of friends, some are developed over a period of time with the syndicate. Then there's that situation where an employee of a syndicate submits a great strip and...well, the rest (as they say) is history.

John Lane, formerly art director at United Feature Syndicate, submitted six weeks worth of roughs of "Ben Swift" to comics editor, Bobby Miller. She flipped and so did everyone else. That was in February of 1980. Now, in February of 1981, "Ben Swift" is debuting in newspapers all over America.

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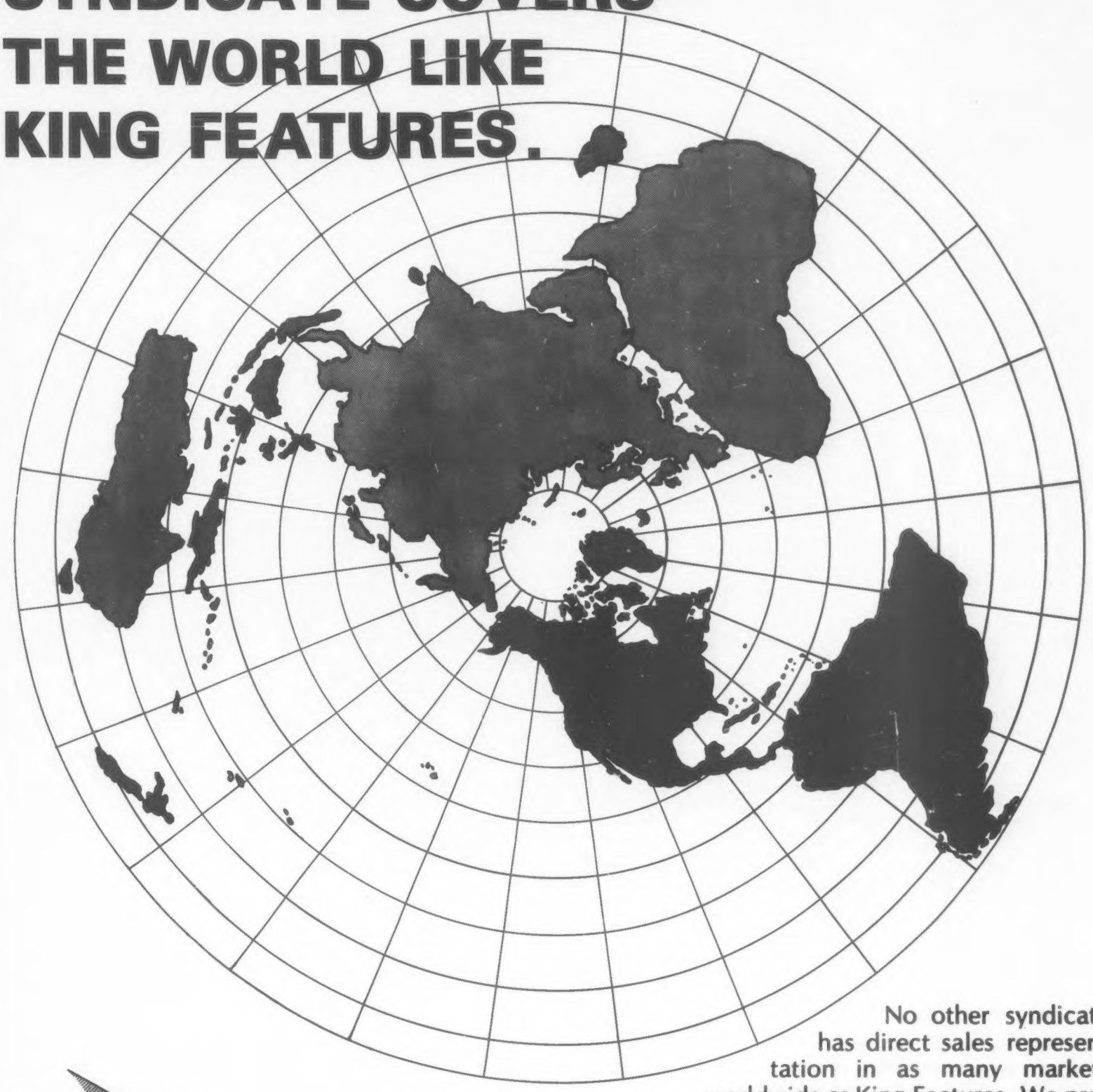

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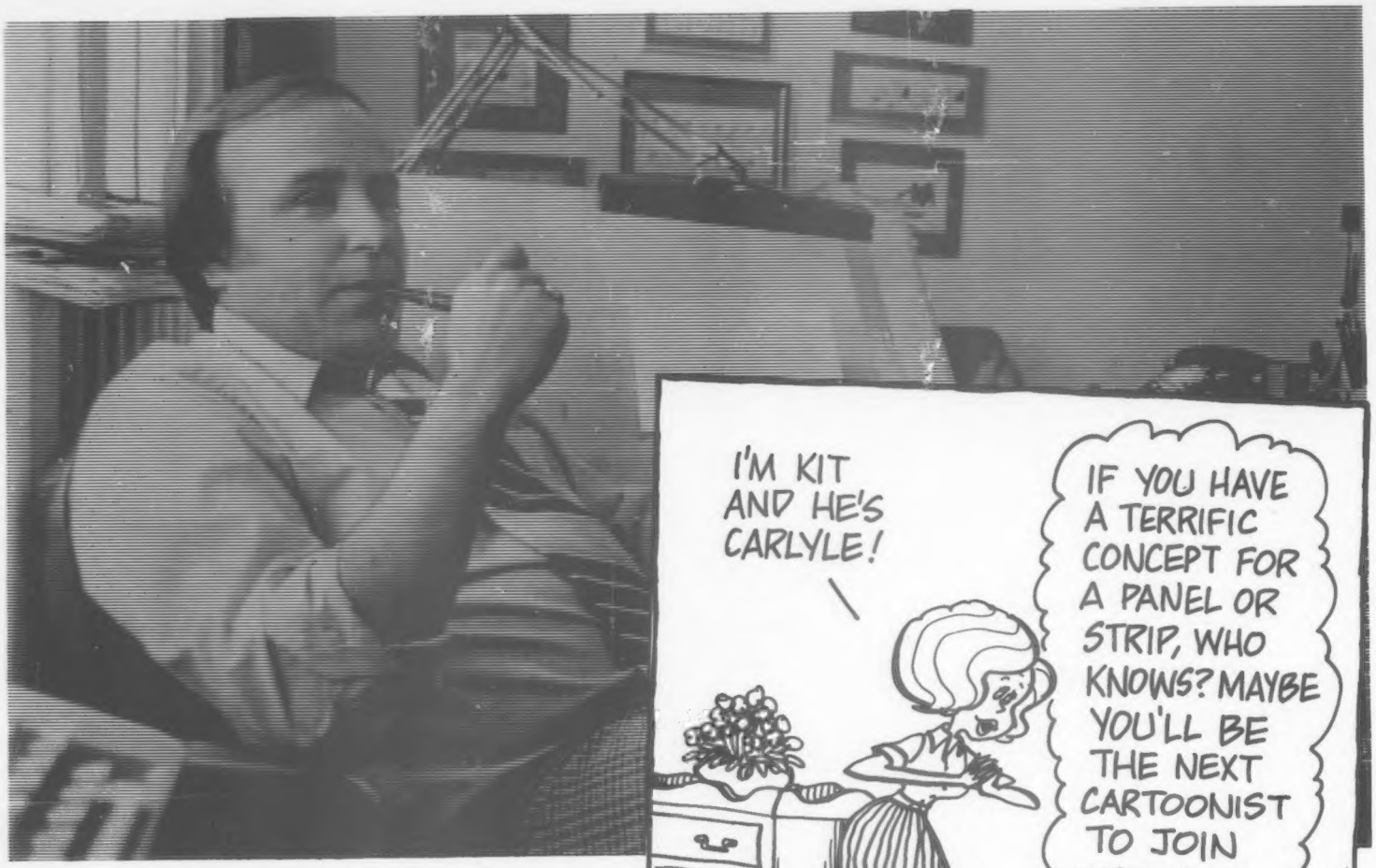

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CARTOONIST PROfiles

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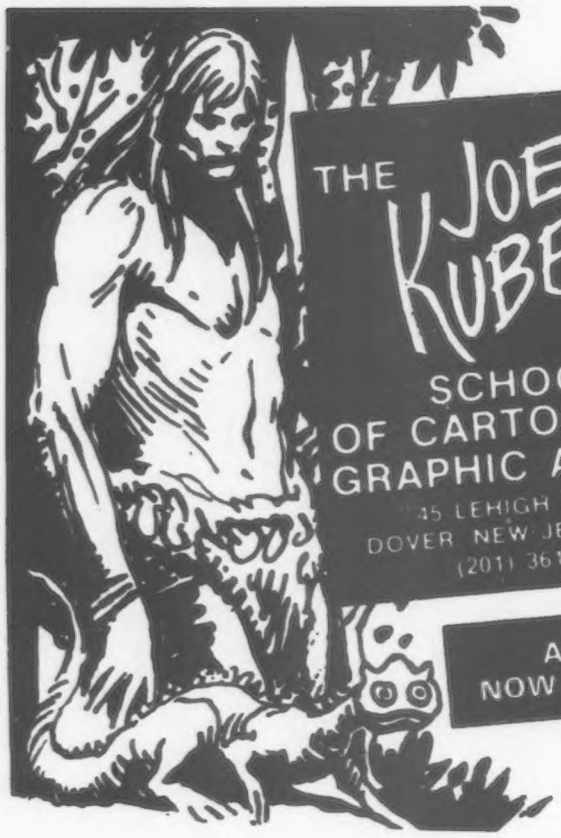

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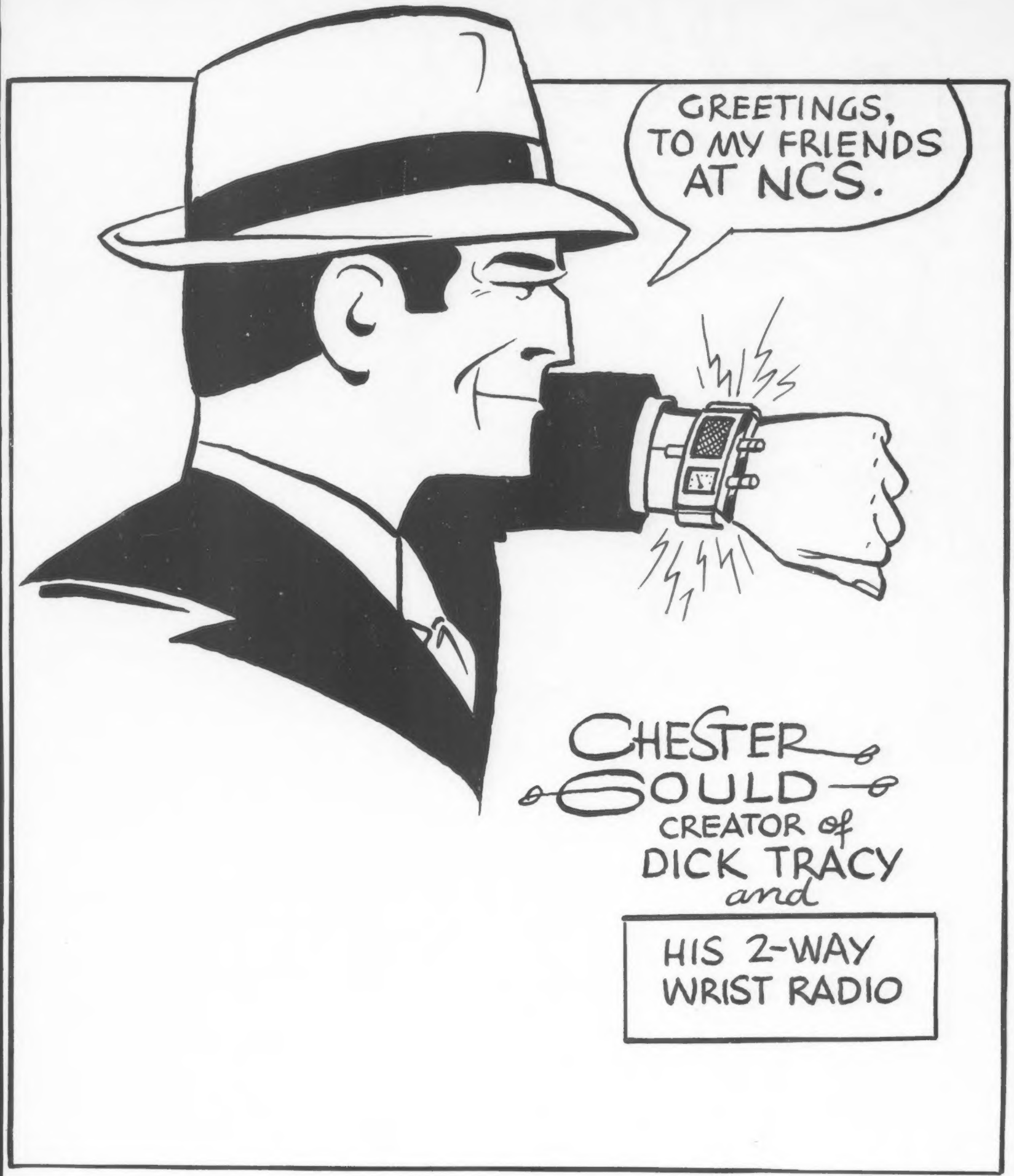

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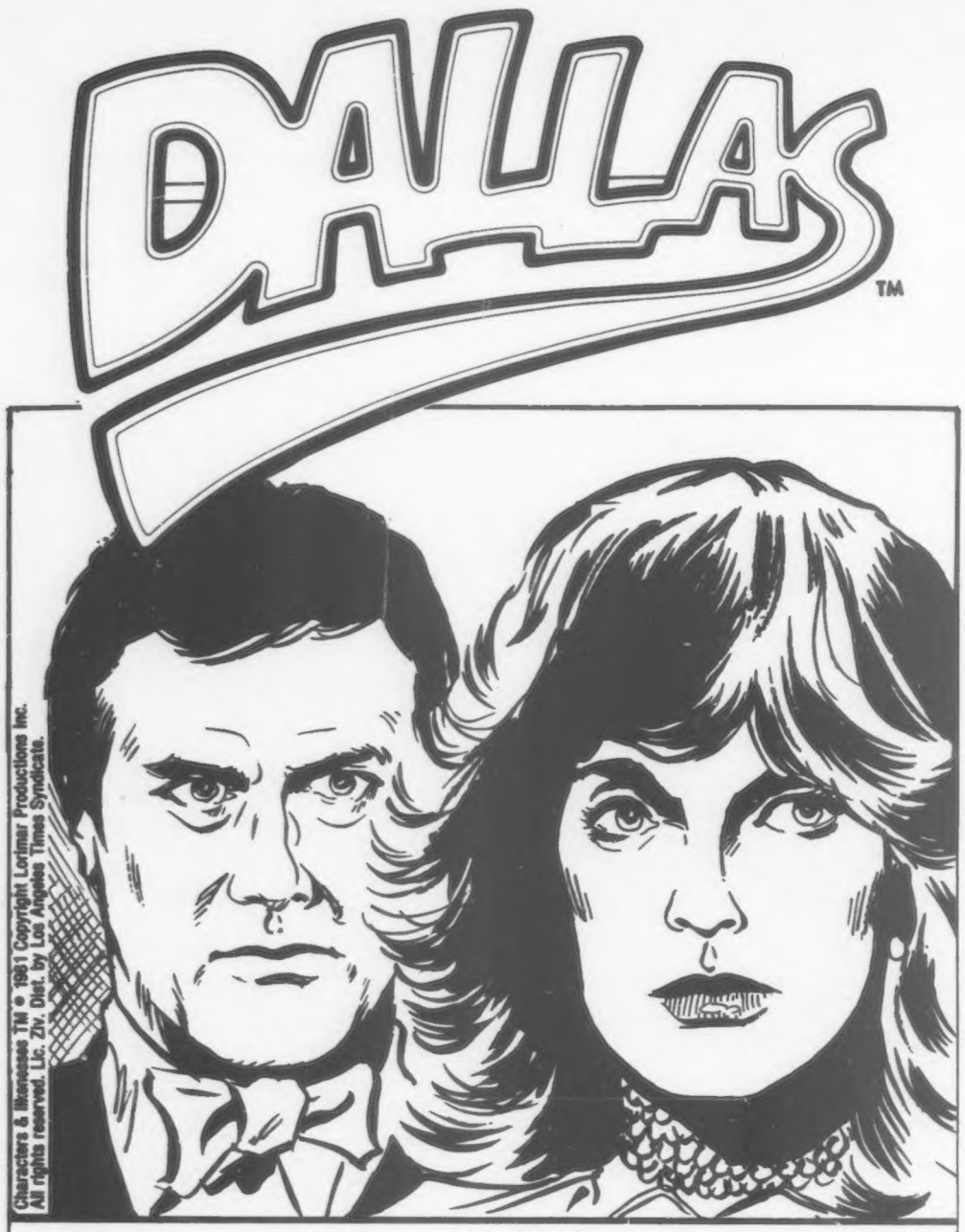
DALLAS
TM
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J.R. and **SUE ELLEN EWING** are the poisonous pair. They're giving marriage a bad name in the DALLAS comic strip.

When we heard that J.R. and 'Dallas' were going to be appearing in newspaper strip form beginning on February 1 we hastened to talk with the people involved in the production of the feature which is being distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate. Our conversations were with Tom Durkin, the Managing Editor of the syndicate, with Jim Lawrence, who is writing 'Dallas', and with Ron Harris who is doing the drawing. First — our talk with Tom Durkin.

Hurd: Who got the idea of doing 'Dallas' as a newspaper comic strip?

Durkin: The real credit for the idea of doing 'Dallas' in comic strip form belongs to Rick Newcombe who's the Vice-President here at the L.A. Times Syndicate. I guess the idea struck him like a bolt of lightning as he was looking at a Time Magazine story about J.R. on a recent plane trip. His reaction was, "We've *got* to do it!"

In 'Dallas' the emphasis is on character and intrigue, and although it's new and fresh, I think it's in the classic tradition of the soap opera continuity strip, which in the case of a few successful strips, has prevailed for years.

Hurd: A number of syndicate editors have felt in recent years that when the public can see a complete story in an hour on TV, it won't hold still for a strip continuity lasting for weeks. Obviously you don't feel this way in starting 'Dallas'.

Durkin: No — 'Dallas' on TV is a perfect example of a show where you *don't* see a complete episode in an hour. It's very linear — nothing is ever resolved — it keeps on going and, as the main director Leonard Katzman has said, 'Dallas' is an example of the domino effect where everything depends on another thing, and you never wrap things up in a single episode. And if you have a powerful enough property, you can buck the trend toward just gag-a-day strips.

Hurd: How did you begin negotiations?

Durkin: The first thing we did was approach Lorimar Productions which produces the TV show and they referred us to Ziv, the company which handles their merchandising rights. To begin with we had to sell Ziv on the idea of a newspaper strip, and to work out very roughly financial arrangements which would be agreeable to everybody. Although Ziv normally handled merchandising rights, in this case the Dallas people, and especially Leonard Katzman, the main director and creative force behind the 'Dallas' show, were very sensitive about a certain amount of creative control. They wanted the stories to be true to what was happening in 'Dallas', and didn't want the strip to conflict with the TV show. For instance, if you have Sue Ellen having an affair with someone, she can't do it because she's a loose woman — she has to have a very compelling reason to commit this act of marital infidelity. The various people *must* stay in character and the facts have to remain the same. In other

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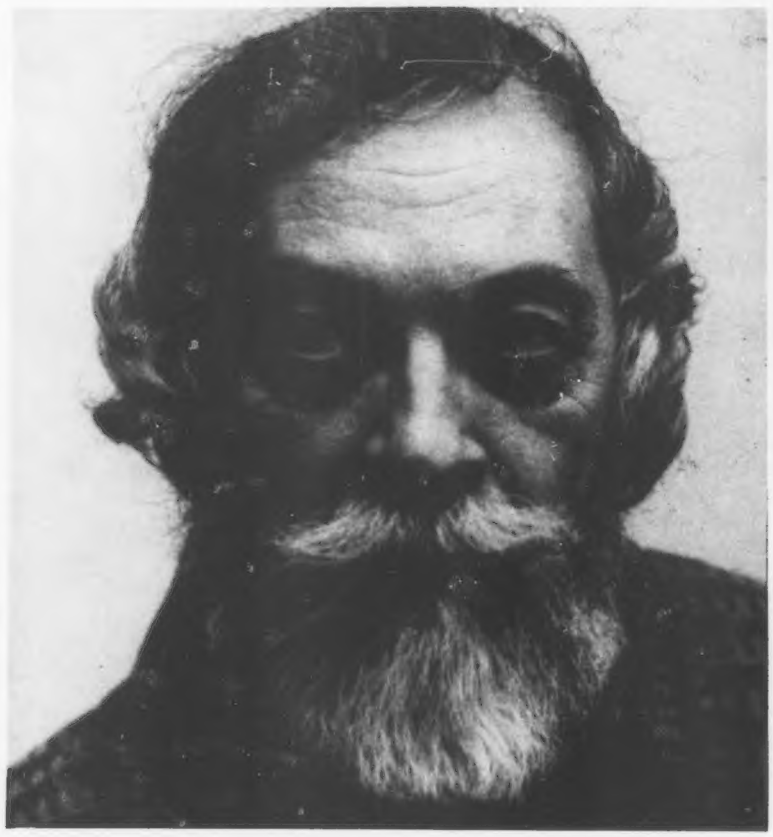


Jim Lawrence

Ron Harris

words, if Digger Barnes is dead on TV, you can't have him running around in the comic strip. Or if Pam and Bobby are a childless couple, you don't suddenly get Pam pregnant in the comic strip. Or if Bobby (as is going to be the case) separates himself from Ewing Oil and goes off into other activities, you can't have a situation in the comic strip where Bobby and J.R. are going out together in an oil field doing some roughnecking.

We got some of these ground rules ironed out with the Lorimar people, and then we had to find an artist and a writer, so we could show them and Ziv that we could deliver a product that they and we would be proud of, and that would be acceptable to all of the creative people involved. One of the things that they insisted upon was that the images of the people in the comic strip be almost photo perfect as to the real people. In other words J.R. had to look like Larry Hagman, Sue Ellen like Linda Gray and so on. If you look at other comic books that are based on people in 'Star Wars' or 'Star Trek', for instance, the artist has a fairly free hand. But in the case of 'Dallas', they had to be photo perfect. And the ladies had to be very beautiful and you couldn't have them looking frumpy. And we had to come up with a story and dialogue that truly reflected the essence of 'Dallas', or more specifically, the essence of J.R. You had to believe it was J.R. as various things were happening. So we got artist Ron Harris and writer Jim Lawrence, and put together a couple of prototype strips — dailies and Sundays. Then, with some changes suggested by the people at Lorimar and at Ziv, we got approval for these strips. Ziv was aware of writer Jim Lawrence, and was enthusiastic about our using him. Artist Ron Harris had done other work for us on the 'Star Trek' strip, and in addition to that, he had a good reputation around Los Angeles as a pro and as a very dependable guy. So we got a script from Lawrence, got it approved by Leonard Katzman at Lorimar, and gave it to Ron Harris for the art work. Then the strip was again given to Katzman who suggested changes in an image or two, involving a little touching-up on Ron's part, but nothing of any real consequence required any changing.

DALLAS
ENJOY YOURSELVES!
I REALIZE IT'S A GREAT IMPOSITION, SUE ELLEN... EXPECTIN' A SOCIAL BUTTERF LIKE YOU T'SPEND A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WITH HER HUSBAND!

AND WHERE IS OUR ADORING PUBLIC TO SEE US TONIGHT?
I THOUGHT WE MIGHT DROP IN AT THE CLUB CALIENTE...

WHERE, AT THAT MOMENT...

IT'LL BE A VENIN', MAMA... DOUBT ABOUT THAT!

'COURSE I CAN'T SPEAK FOR BOTH OF US...

THEN DON'T TRY!

DO YOU REALLY, J.R.? I'M SO LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH AN UNDERSTANDING MATE!

NO CALL T'GET SNIPPY! I'D MERELY LIKE T'POINT OUT THAT, AS HEAD OF EWING OIL...

...MY BUSINESS AND SOCIAL POSITION DO REQUIRE US T'BE SEEN TOGETHER NOW AND THEN!

I'M SO GLAD YOU AND GINA SHOWED UP HERE IN DALLAS, CORD!

MITCH AND I HAD SO MUCH FUN WITH YOU TWO ON OUR HONEYMOON!

SAME HERE, LUCY!

BUT MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT GO BROADCASTING THOSE SENTIMENTS! I'VE GOT A HUNCH J.R. WOULDN'T LIKE YOU GETTING TOO CHUMMY WITH SOMEONE WHO WORKS FOR HIS OLD ENEMY, BEN MAXWELL!

EL SAINT

JIM LAWRENCE

RON HARRIS

2-1

DALLAS™

by Lawrence and Harris

WILL THAT TABLE SUIT YOU, SUE ELLEN?
DOES IT MATTER?
TRY TO ACT A LITTLE MORE GRACIOUS, DEAR...IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN!
THIS DOES GIVE US A RINGSIDE VIEW!
I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT, THEN...ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU SEE WHO'S DANCING WITH WHOM!
JIM LAWRENCE
RON HARRIS
2-2

Next, we talked with writer Jim Lawrence about 'Dallas'.

Hurd: Would you say something about how you got involved with 'Dallas'?
Lawrence: I'm not even sure that Tom Durkin knows my whole past in connection with the idea. Actually I've been convinced for a long time that 'Dallas' was a natural for a strip. Although there's always some question in the minds of syndicate people as to how well a television show will make the transition to another medium, ever since last spring I've felt that 'Dallas' *had* to come into the newspapers. I guess back in April I called Lorimar and broached the idea to the guy who was their merchandising agent at that time. He wasn't terribly enthusiastic, he mentioned it to several syndicates and then gave up on the idea, but it still seemed to me to be a thing that was going to happen. As time went on, and the show became more and more fantastically successful, culminating in the 'Who shot J.R.' thing, I thought 'What have I got to lose' and I decided to try again. So I talked with Ziv, which was now handling the merchandising, and they were *very much* interested. Meanwhile Rick Newcombe of the L.A. Times Syndicate, had independently become interested, without knowing of my feelings. So we wound up getting together.

Hurd: Why do you think that 'Dallas' will be a success?
Lawrence: First of all we have this tremendous character, J.R. who has seized the popular imagination, not only in America but also abroad, and this is the first requisite for a successful story strip. Secondly, I believe the nature of the characters, and the nature of the show, dependent on strong human emotions, guarantees it, providing we do a good job with the strip. I think it can flourish because it has all the requisites, and the fact that the TV show has such tremendous ratings is bound to give us a boost.

Hurd: How did you get into the writing game to begin with, Jim?
Lawrence: I started out writing for radio years ago, and the discipline of having to knock out a show a week gets you used to the idea of pouring out story after story. And then, as you know, I currently write a number of newspaper strips and have been doing most of them for a number of years.

Finally, artist Ron Harris told us about some of the problems in drawing 'Dallas'.

Hurd: Tom Durkin has mentioned that Lorimar wanted to be very sure that you get very exact likenesses of the various characters in the strip. Did they furnish you with a lot of reference material?
Harris: Although they wanted this exactness, their supply of scrap was pretty scarce. At the time when I first tried out for the feature, all I had was a handful of color stills that they had provided, and about 20 or 30 photographs which I'd got out of a couple of fan magazines which had appeared on the newsstands. And had I not gone down to the local magazine store and scoured the racks, I wouldn't even have had that much. The difficulty that I found right away with working up samples is that in most of the fan magazines, and in all of the photos that they sent along, since they were publicity stills, everybody was smiling. And because 'Dallas' is a soap opera strip with lot of heart tugs, *nobody* ever smiles! But J.R. smiles when he gets nasty, so at least I had some smiling J.R.'s and I could use those. But it took a little while to collect pictures of people who were doing something other than grinning for the camera. I have found that one way of adding to the collection of reference material is to shoot pictures off of the TV screen. This didn't work too well to start with because, at best, I'm an indifferent photographer. But I'm learning how to do this, and in this way I can get the variety I need — such as the backs of heads, and so on.

DALLAS™

by Lawrence and Harris

WHO'S THAT DUDE LUCY'S DANCING WITH? HE LOOKS FAMILIAR...!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT HILARIOUS SCENE?
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
"THAT TIME AN OIL-DRILLER BOARDED OUR BOAT FROM A 'COPTER AND DUNKED YOU FOR SPYING ON BEN MAXWELL'S OFFSHORE RIG!"
JIM LAWRENCE
RON HARRIS
2-3

DALLAS TM

by Lawrence and Harris

AS LUCY AND CORD CREGAR FINISH DANCING—
OH, GREAT! THERE'S MY UNCLE—J.R.! AND HE'S SEEN US!
I TOLD YOU HE WOULDN'T LIKE YOU AND MITCH GETTIN' FRIENDLY WITH ANYONE WHO WORKS FOR BEN MAXWELL!

THAT'S SILLY! WHEN WE MET YOU ON OUR HONEYMOON, WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WERE IN THE OIL BUSINESS!
YOU THINK THAT'LL CUT ANY ICE WITH J.R.? WHEN IT COMES TO OIL, THAT CREEP DOESN'T EVEN TRUST HIS OWN KID BROTHER!
JIM LAWRENCE
RON HARRIS
2-4

DALLAS TM

by Lawrence and Harris

YOU SHOULD TALK ABOUT GETTING AROUND!
LET'S NOT GET CATTY, NOW, DEAR! I'M SURE YOUR GENTLEMAN FRIEND WILL EXCUSE US—IF THAT'S NOT MISUSING THE TERM!

HIS NAME'S CORD CREGAR... AND WE DON'T NEED YOUR APPROVAL TO BE WITH HIM!
YOU CAN BET HE'S GOT BEN MAXWELL'S APPROVAL T'BE WITH YOU, DARLIN'!
JIM LAWRENCE
RON HARRIS

DALLAS TM

by Lawrence and Harris

BUTT OUT, EWING! WHO D'YA THINK YOU ARE— J. EDGAR HOOVER?
LET'S JUST SAY A KINDLY OLD UNCLE WHO'S CONCERNED FOR HIS NIECE'S REPUTATION!

I MEAN IT MIGHT GET DAMAGED— HER BEING SEEN AROUND WITH A TACKY CHARACTER LIKE YOU, CREGAR!
YOU COULD WIND UP LOOKING A LOT TACKIER— IF I EVER DO ANOTHER NUMBER ON YOU, BIG SHOT!

DALLAS TM

by Lawrence and Harris

DALLAS TM
by Lawrence and Harris
AT THE CLUB CALIENTE...
HASN'T YOUR UNCLE MADE ENOUGH TROUBLE FOR ONE EVENING?
MITCH, HONEY, THAT'S WHY I'LL DRIVE HIM BACK TO SOUTHFORK— TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T START ANY MORE!
YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT, DARLIN', BUT CREGAR WORKS FOR BEN MAXWELL!
THAT'S NO SECRET! MITCH AND I MET HIM ON OUR HONEYMOON!
WELL, EWING OIL'S INTO A NEW PROJECT THAT IS SECRET— ESPECIALLY FROM ANY SLIMY SPIES! YOU AND MITCH DITCH HIM!
I'M A GROWN-UP, MARRIED LADY, J.R.! WE'LL DO WHAT WE PLEASE!
SOUTHFORK RANCH
JIM LAWRENCE DON HARRIS
2-9
DALLAS TM
by Lawrence and Harris
J.R. PHONES A POLICE CONTACT...
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MR. EWING?
GET ME WHATEVER YOU CAN DIG UP ON A LOSER NAMED CR— ER, HOLD IT A SEC!
FINALLY REMEMBERED YOU HAD A HOME, DID YOU?
HOW COULD I FORGET?
BY THE WAY, DOESN'T WHOEVER SHE IS KNOW A LADY DOESN'T TAKE CALLS THIS LATE?
JIM LAWRENCE DON HARRIS
2-10

Hurd: Would you give us some of the details about your taking pictures of the TV screen?

Harris: I use a lens which enables me to get pretty close up, so I set my 35-mm camera up about three feet from the TV. I have a reflex viewer so I just move the camera up until I get the whole screen in the viewfinder. A friend who has done a lot of shooting off the TV recommended that the stuff be shot at 1/30th, or no more than 1/60th of a second, because if I did anything else, the scan lines of the cathode ray tube would show up as a dark slash across the picture. This did happen to me on a couple of occasions but I didn't really care because I could still see what was happening in the picture. And of course I don't use flash — it doesn't work.

Hurd: Have you thought about going on the 'Dallas' set and taking Polaroid pictures of the various people?

Harris: I'd like to do that but I want to finish more than the four weeks I've already done so that I've established some credibility with Lorimar before I ask that. I'd also like to go down to Dallas and shoot a couple of hundred frames of film of backgrounds, and local color, which I could then work into the strip. I'm a big believer in local color.

Hurd: Have there been other drawing problems ?

Harris: Well, everybody who's drawn an illustrative-type strip realizes the difficulties involved in putting too much in. Strips get shrunk down to that infinitesimal size in the newspapers so you can't really put in all the detail you'd like to. As a result I've found that with a combination of having to draw clearly, and at the same time having to get recognizable likenesses, I tend to use a lot more closeups than I really like to from a storytelling point of view. If you get too many medium shots, or medium long shots in there, the people aren't going to recognize the faces anyway because the strip has been shrunk so much. This tends to make you too dependent on 'talking heads'. It's a challenge alright — the strip is mainly a talk strip, and in the past the stuff I've done for comics and comic books consists mainly of action. So part of my job now is to make the pictures interesting in themselves, and not to merely draw persons with their arms at their sides standing there and talking. I try to have the characters doing things that they might do while they're talking. I study the body language of the people on the TV shows, to see how they stand and what they do, when they twiddle their thumbs, and so on.

Hurd: Would you give us a little rundown on some of the cartoon work you've been doing in recent years?

Harris: I've done a lot of drawing for some of the Hanna-Barbera comic books which are published in Europe. And you might be interested in hearing about a novel way in which some of the educational material I've been doing reaches kids. I write and draw and do the production on a nutrition program for pre-schoolers. Animal characters act as teachers, and by means of a hand-held record player about the size of a calculator, a child can play a tiny 2-inch record which is fastened to one of the pages of the comic book so that these animal characters actually *talk* about nutrition. In addition I supplied some of the voices and did the recording.

As for my getting the drawing job on 'Dallas', I had been assisting Thomas Warkentin on the 'Star Trek' strip and Tom told me one day that the syndicate was looking for an artist to try out for 'Dallas'. My father was in the Navy, we did a lot of traveling when I was a kid, and in the Philippines *newspaper strips* were about the only cartoons that were printed in English, so I got hooked on *them* rather than on comic books. I always wanted my own strip so my working on 'Dallas' is sort of a dream of a lifetime come true! ●

EXPOCON

We know of various cartoonists, whose characters are well-known to the vast reading public, who feel that their syndicates have not been aggressive enough in their attempts to license those characters for toys, clothing, stationery, games, and other use. Well, we've just been made aware of a meeting place where the cartoonists we mentioned can see what others are doing, where they should be able to pick up lots of merchandising possibilities which can be applied to their own characters, and where they can get plenty of ammunition with which to encourage their syndicates to get into the licensing act more strenuously than before. And this opportunity would seem to apply also to those cartoonists whose work is not syndicated but who create characters which appear in various media and are just as likely candidates.

What we've been talking about is the first American Character Licensing and Merchandising Show which will be held on May 27th and 28th at the New York Hilton Hotel at 53rd Street and the Avenue of the Americas in New York City. The organizers of this event have been conducting an International Character Merchandising Exhibition each November in London, and plan to use this experience in bringing together for the first time in the U.S. all those involved in the licensing of characters.

Here are some of the activities which will be taking place: Those who have properties to license will be displaying these in booths throughout an exhibition area, hoping to interest manufacturers in becoming licensees, and to convince buyers from retail establishments to stock the properties being exhibited by manufacturers who are already licensees.

In addition to booths representing those who are licensing and merchandising cartoon characters, there will be others representing sports figures, TV characters, and so on.

It is also planned that there will be seminars each morning by top professionals in all of the fields involved — including, of course, cartoonists!

At the time of this writing, the organizers are planning to urge all syndicates to display their cartoon properties at this show.

Those who want to hear more can phone Priscilla Weadon, of the Expocon Management Associates, Inc. at (203) 226-1175, in Westport, Connecticut. ●

Scenes at the London International Character Merchandising Exhibition.

On the following pages the noted animator, PRESTON BLAIR, gives us an unprecedented look at the animation drawings he did of Mickey Mouse as "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" in Walt Disney's 'Fantasia'. Following also are his comments on live-action research for animation, and he shares with our readers some of the other things he's learned during a long and distinguished career in animation.

PRESTON BLAIR

The Animation of "Fantasia"

In a short span of twelve years Walt Disney (and his studio) advanced from Mickey in the cartoon "Steamboat Willie" — which is primitive by today's standards — to Mickey in "Fantasia" as "The Sorcerer's Apprentice". With the other great Disney classics of that golden era, the film practically came out of nowhere.

Writers claim that "after forty years (now), the animation of "Fantasia" remains unsurpassed. The film looms now as a masterpiece with a cult following ever enlarging all over the world. They say watching "Fantasia" is an awakening, an emotional experience on an unknown higher plateau of consciousness." It is claimed "Fantasia" is psychodelic, a soul trip to another dimension . . ." ". . . a high point in the art of animated film . . ."

This is true. The film is unique — an art form akin to ballet — that has no counterpart. Yet, but for unfortunate economics of a temporary nature, the project would have been a full-blown animated ballet comparable to the Ballet Russe with a large collection of animated ballets to great music that would have appeared just like the Ballet Russe. A week's program of several evenings would have had different ballet-animation numbers every night. Work on these other numbers commenced at the studio. I say this project will come to be.

But, it is not true that after forty years the state of the art of animation during "Fantasia" remains unsurpassed, for animation as an art *has* advanced. Let us assume that by some miracle Michaelangelo and Leonardo Da Vinci were brought to life with all their talents and employed immediately as animators. The current features would "bomb" anyway — with or without these great masters as animators. Great animation — or great acting by itself is not enough. A great style is not enough. Fantastically full animation is not enough. Good characters are not enough. I see all this in features that never make it to the suburbs in their short life.

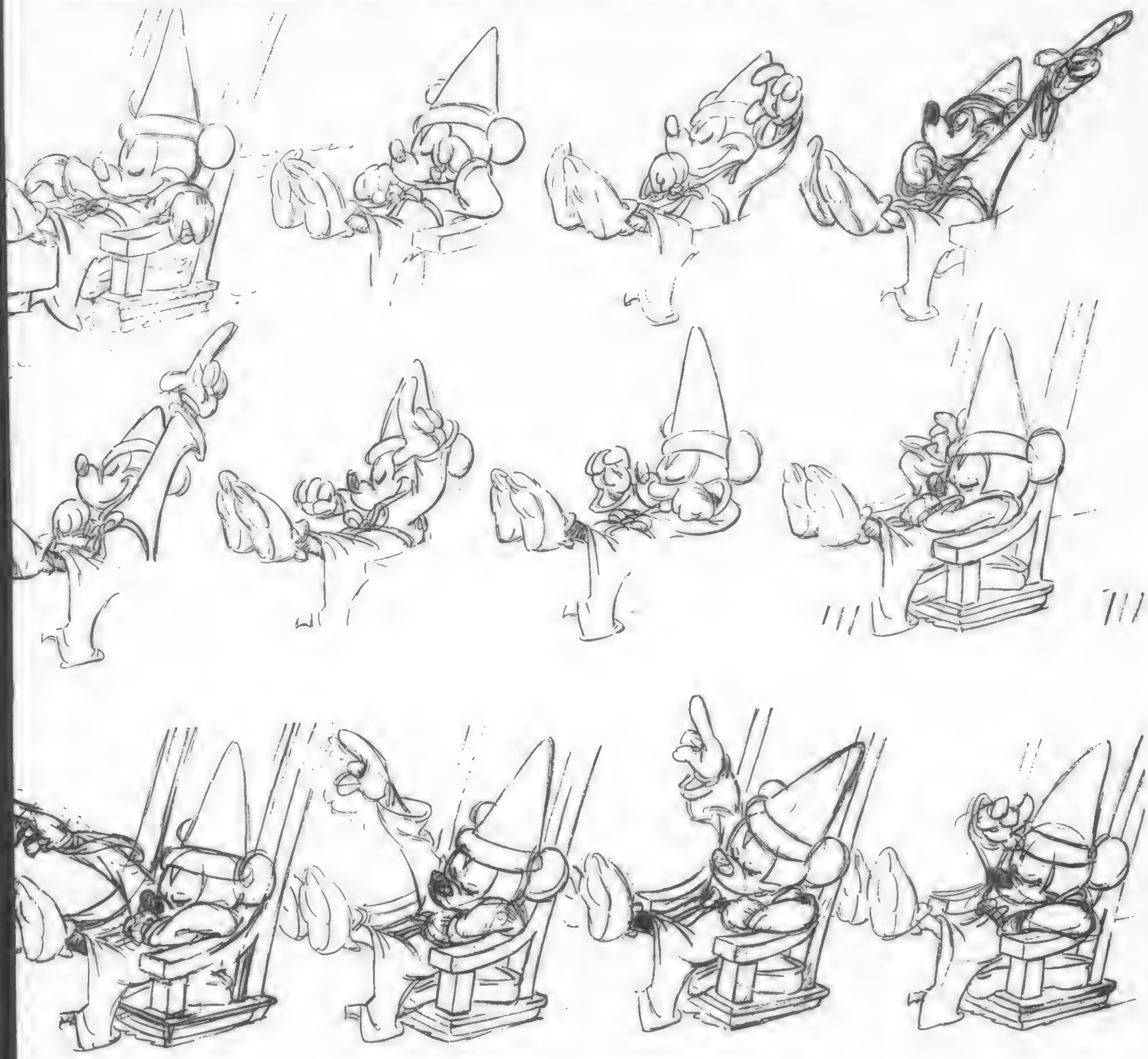
By a peculiar logic I am saying truly great animated features can happen any time the story, story structure, dialogue, music and animated art in a feature are all brought into focus. This is no great leap in film art . . . all the cards are there on the table . . . We will have many great animation features in the future, near future . . . or even tomorrow. They may be in the works today. "Fantasia" was a giant leap forward in animation art at that time. But it wouldn't be today. The current profession could turn-out such animation any time — God bless every one of 'em.

Let me put it another way: Another classic, the novel "Tom Jones" by Fielding was a first that has remained unique and unequalled. But, afterwards many hundreds of great classics followed — all unique in their own light . . . and there will be hundreds of other great animation classics. The world wants them. Our art is an infant. The Disney classics of "Fantasia", "Snow White", "Pinocchio", and "Bambi" represent the birth of feature animation. Operating from ground-zero, Disney left no stone unturned in all departments both audio and video. Live action research for the animation went on at a fantastic scale. They even had the great cinematographer, James Wong Howe, directing live action versions of bits of

action and business considered tricky for an animator to calculate — just off the top of his head, as it were.

By sheer coincidence, I had the later notoriety of picking up the first bit of animation, the initial start, of "Fantasia". It was well along, near the center, of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice". Mickey is asleep in the chair, directing the universe in his sleep. He slips into the rising water brought in by a hundred brooms with buckets. He comes up in a double take, floundering through the water, reaching out to stop the brooms. I can remember going over some live action research, especially made to help me with this floundering-through-water business. It illustrates the extensive care in research that gives that convincing touch of life — or illusion of life — in those films; and it illustrates the limits of this live action crutch — for that it is — to spontaneous straight ahead animation, or animation drawn like a plant grows, one drawing after another . . . just like you put dots in a flip book when you were a kid.

Anyway, an athlete from UCLA had been hired to jump pell-mell over a bunch of barrels and boxes in a floundering action, with his arms floundering out in protest. To show you how you use this research, I remember the fellow had quite long hair, or hair that bounced all over the place. I studied the film for hours, made a lot of thumbnail sketches of the sequence, and studied the crazy timing . . . for live action is so complex in timing . . . it is crazy by conventional animation calculation of spacing. Using this hair as a guide I transposed all the data into Mickey's robe, that flops around . . . as he grabs for his hat and flounders . . . and falls. In a recent book on Disney art the final drawing of the scene is a two page color spread with some brooms in the background.



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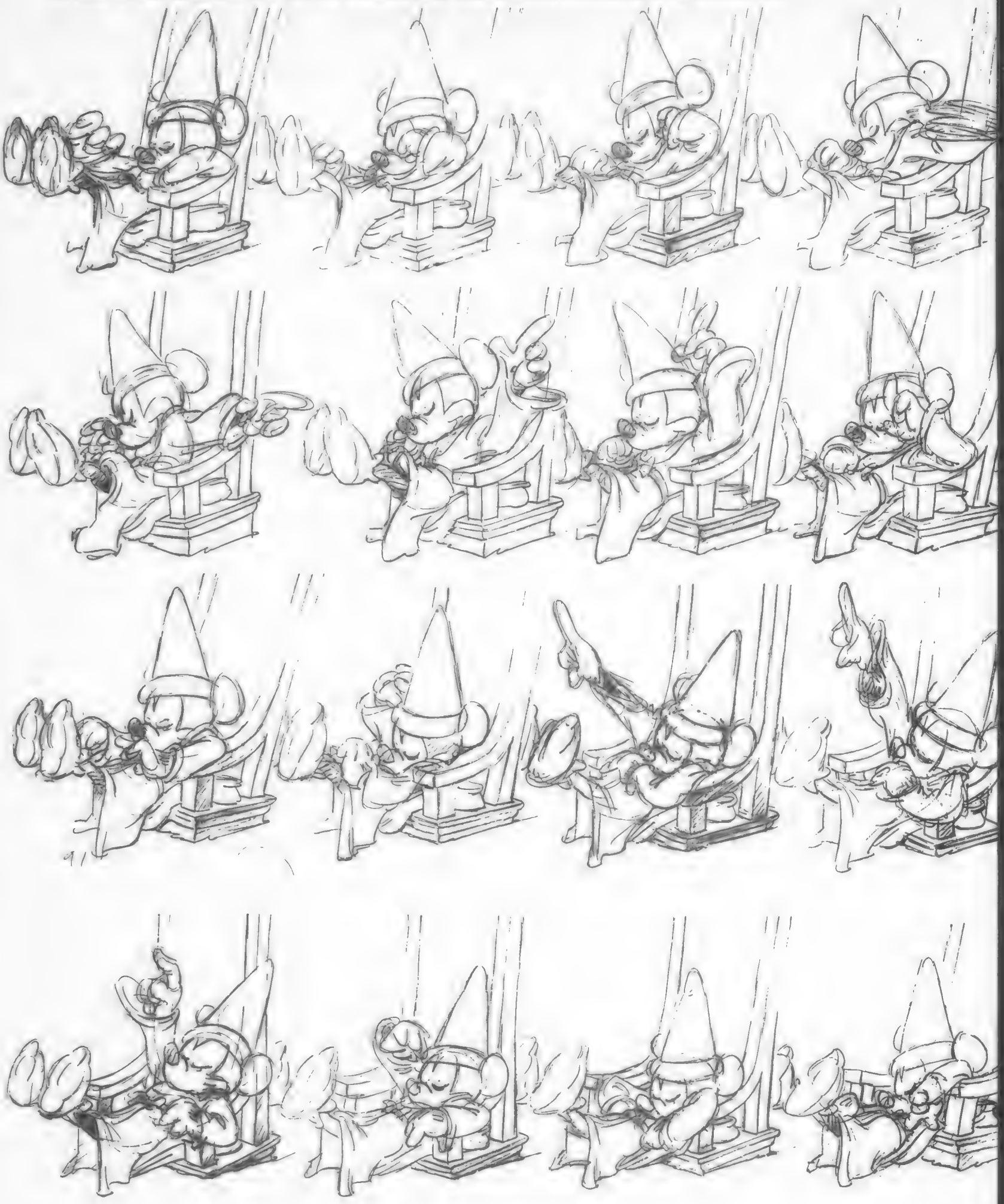
For proper sequence of drawings, read each page individually (horizontally row by row), then proceed to next page. In other words, don't read clear across a double-page spread before proceeding to the second row.



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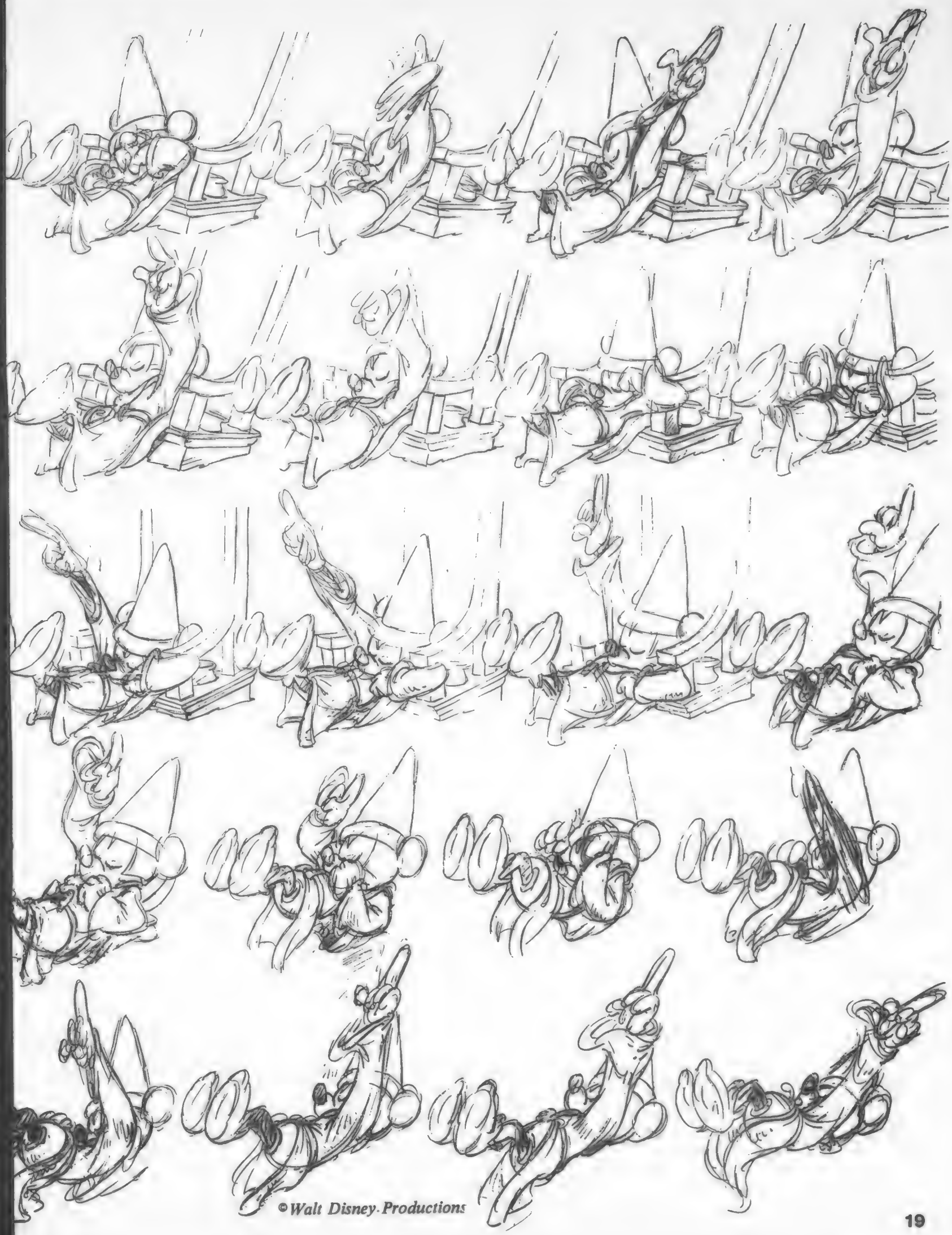

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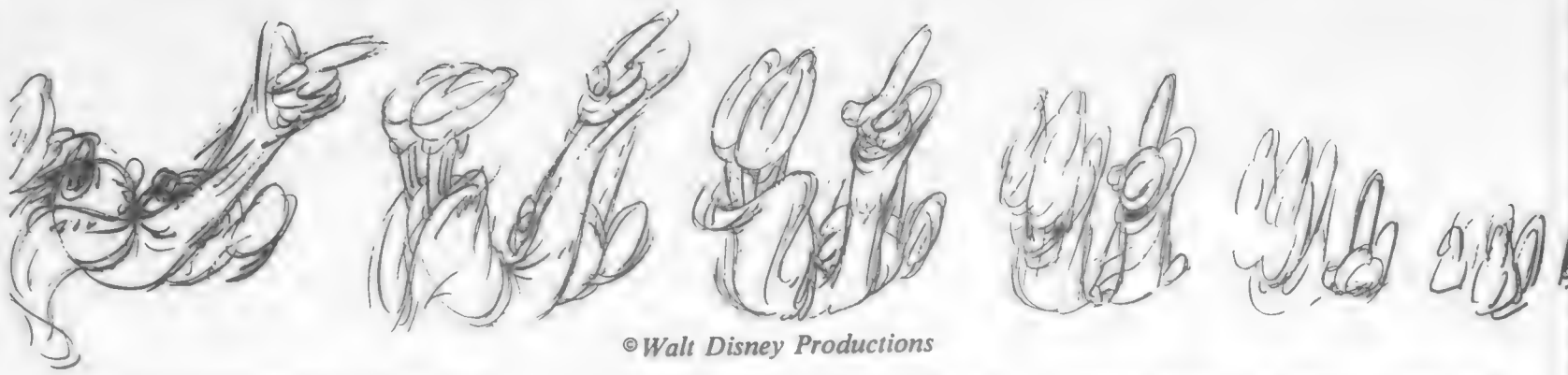

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This business of the artist studying the model . . . or nature . . . using photographs, etc., and the problems thereof, is as old as time immemorial. It has been going on for ages . . . and rages anew in a different cloak, in all this controversy about rotoscope versus drawing like Picasso (wild, loose with design and flair). "Art is the half-way point between the artist's eye and nature". This is a famous quote. Translating this to animation terms, you can say, "The art of animation is on a scale between the artist's eye-personality and what he *remembers* in his mind or actually copies by eye from nature, models, photos of nature, or live action film of natural phenomena". The scale varies from a position practically dominated by the artist's personality and imagination — or at his eye — to a position that is really 100% nature — or simply like a rendering painted right on top of a photo sensitized on a canvas — the secret of many an academic illustrator (not artist). ("Illustrator" and illustrators always get the short end of the stick, being about two degrees above the worm level.) But this is not a tirade in defense of illustrators — God Bless 'em.

One of the best things I ever heard in art school was this: Don't trace nature — as it were — when you look at a model or a landscape. Look at it, and then draw what you remember you saw. What you forget — is very important — it's not of the essence. But you *remember* the vital essence or spirit. You don't have to remind animators about this truth, it's already built into the art — it's the only way to do it. Animation is a calculation in spaced cartoons designed to give an illusion of a dramatic movement of a character or even an inanimate object. Somebody said, "therefore you have to be the combination of a garage mechanic and an artist since the whole thing is a mechanical projection or hypothetical calculation."

Now, Disney realized very quick that animators could use some help in trying to calculate the incredible complexity of nature's actions. So, he had live action research done on any project at the drop of a hat.

Now, looking at this "Fantasia" scene in which I studied the athletics of the UCLA recruit — on film — the action was Mickey in the chair, falls in water, up in double take, and flounders through water. The only part where I turned to look at nature for guidance was the construction timing in the floundering action . . . which is an example of loose free-wheeling straight-ahead animation in the film. This is a peculiar marriage for they are miles apart. It shows you that live-action research can fit anywhere . . . in the most abstract-characters and their movements. Critics see the stilted Prince in "Snow White" and condemn live-action rotoscope as the kiss of death to good animation. Not so. That Prince could have been as wild and loose and even animated straight ahead — and live action could still be used to greatly add to the convincing quality of the art. Just like the eye of the painter and Nature on the other extreme, live action research is reality — and any kind of animation however abstract is a reflection, however influenced by the artist's hand, brush, or Scripto pencil in this case.

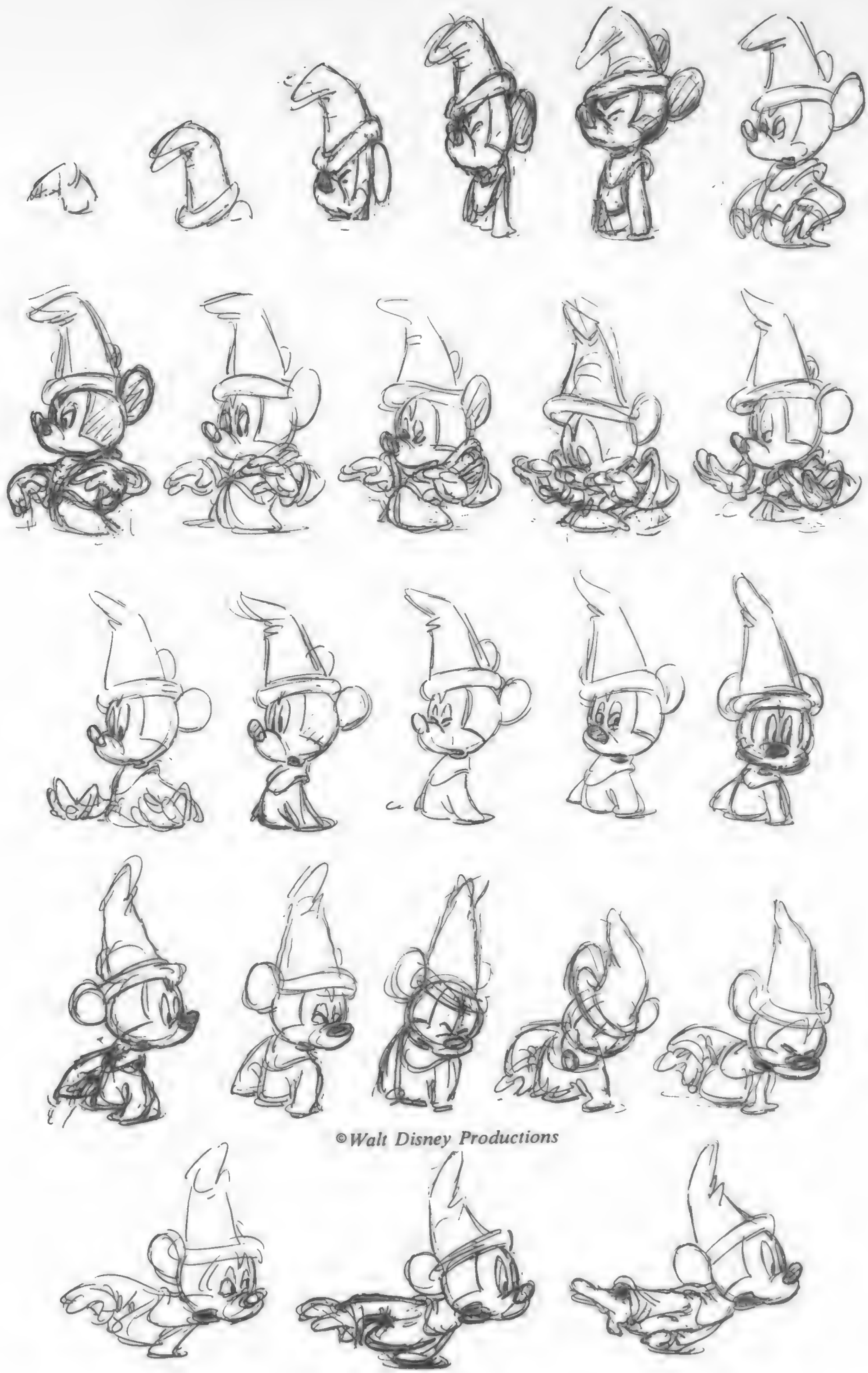
Looking at it another way, you can use live action to augment your animation calculations of movement and spacing, or you can simply follow it blindly, without any idea of what is going on in the animation department, just like you can simply paint over a photograph without any idea of the composition, tone arrangement, and all the other things that a real artist puts into a work of art.

But, this is what makes this controversy so complex: If you are putting a film together, like Disney, there will be scenes in it, or bit fractions of scenes where the smartest thing you can do is to simply trace nature — verbatim as they say. The Bakski feature "Rings" blindly follows nature, or rotoscope live-action, with bits of animation here and there by a great animator, Irving Spence. On the whole it didn't work, but my point is that some of those scenes are exactly the very best way to get that type of scene up on the screen in a convincing manner. You simply have to control it, and use it. Animated films are much, much more than full live action reference. But, live action reference is a very vital part of great feature films, like all the Disney classics.

Probably the most extensive use of live action research and the most effective at the Disney studio has been in the realm of character dialogue, actors speaking, gestures and facial gyrations during what is called — or used to be called — "personality scenes". This even affected the animation characters. Geppetto in Disney's "Pinocchio" was a caricature of the voice actor, Christian Rub. His gestures were noted and caricatured also in the animation. A good actor will not over-gesture, and every movement he makes has dramatic meaning. The tilt of his head speaks a body language like "Miss Piggy" (a star without twitching a facial muscle or batting an eye). Walt used to call in the animators when he recorded the Mickey voice scene an animator was going to do. I remember Walt doing Mickey for "The Pointer" scene I was into . . . his face was like Charlie Chaplin in its expresssions (earlier as a kid he had been a Chaplin imitator on stage). The stories are endless about the use of live-action research.

Let's go back to this scene of Mickey in the "Sorcerer's Apprentice". After I had finished the scene with little revisions here and there, it was turned over to a master of effects animation, Ugo D'Orsi; who then animated all that fantastic water effects in this scene and the others of my character animation where Mickey is finally thrown in the vat by a broom. Now, if there ever was a case in which live action research has helped the animated film these great effects animation feats in those Disney films are an example.

We have the "Rings" film on one hand . . . and Disney effects on the other. The point is that D'Orsi *animated* those effects, believe it or not. He didn't trace



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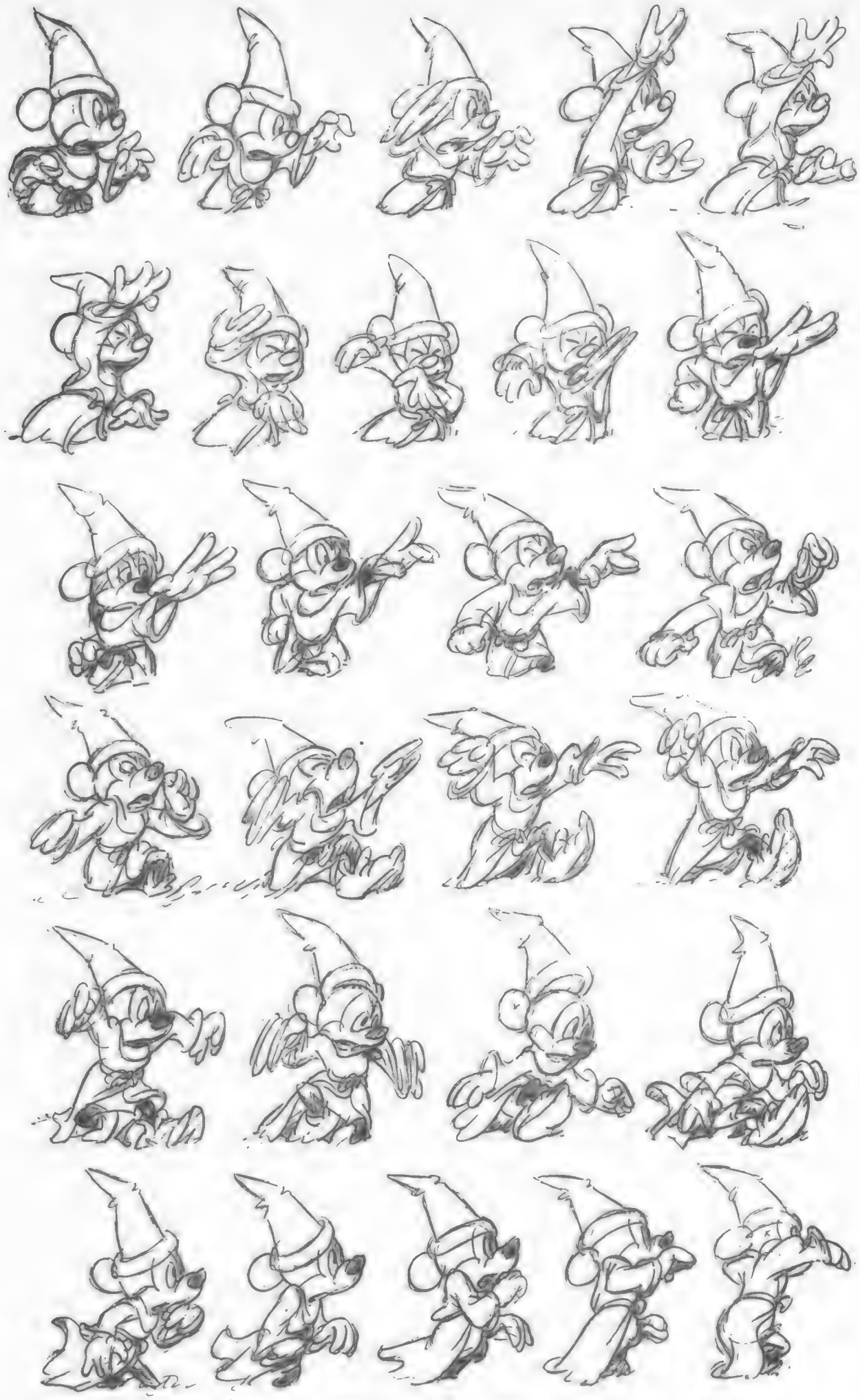

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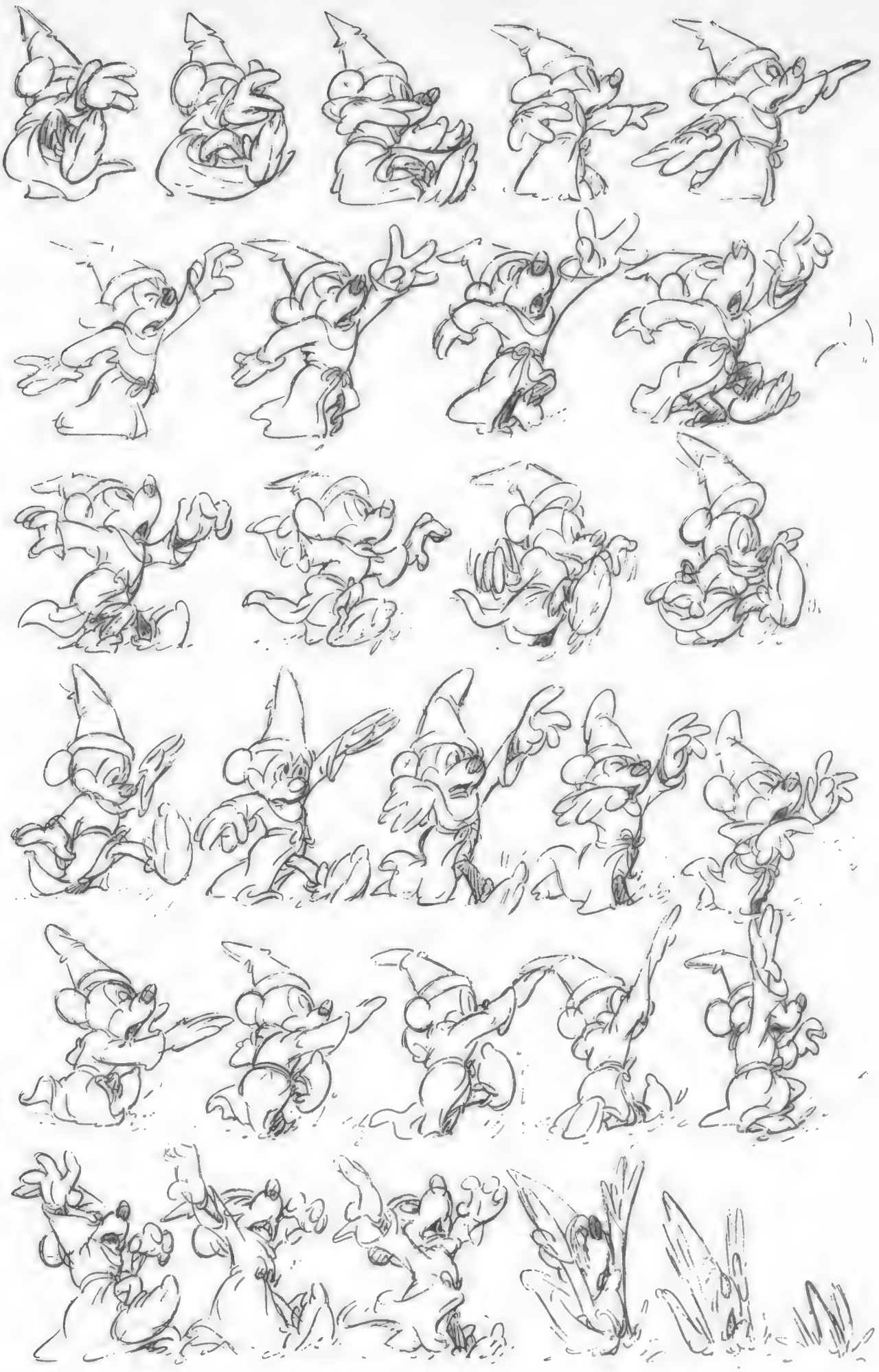

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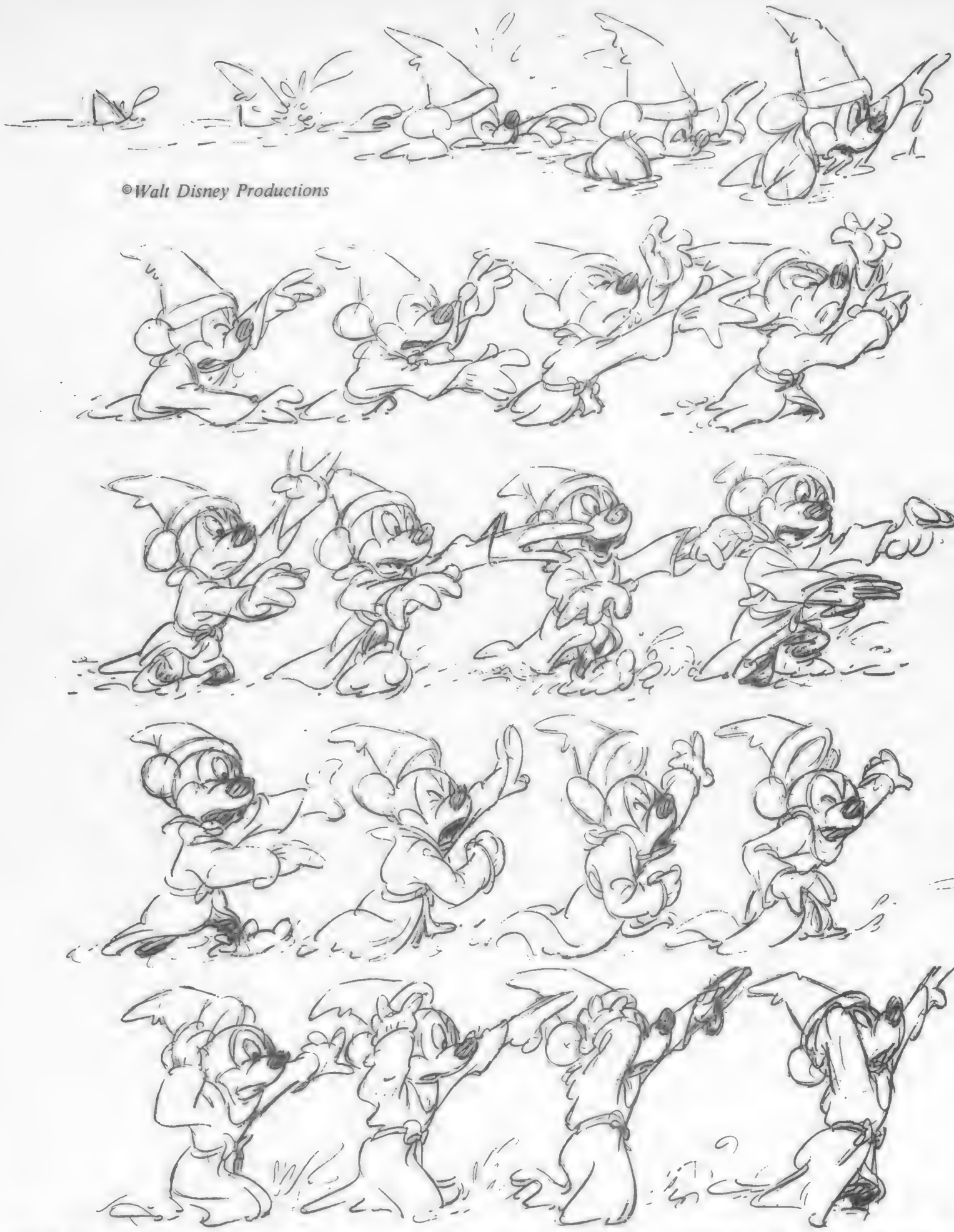

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'em. He had simply studied live action research of water to the point that he could draw it without looking at nature

so his work has all the structure of animation art plus the action and peculiar shape forms of Nature's real water. You use live action research as a study, you rotoscope it and animate *from* this data like I used the UCLA athlete's hair, or you can use it verbatim — without change. There is a time and a place when you should do each of these things. But the basic art of animation films is straight-shead, pose, or a combination of pose and straight-ahead animation made from the imagination. For that is the art that can send a viewer into another dimension.

This 1942 Metro Goldwyn Mayer golf tournament photo shows from left to right: Rich Hogan, the great story-man with Tex Avery on his early MGM cartoons. This handsome fellow, unfortunately, was removed from Metro by the Army before he could become a movie star; Bob Youngquist, a Disney animator who was at Metro a short time; Johnny Liggere, Metro animator; Kenny Muse, known to all cartoon buffs as the animator of Jerry (mouse) in the feature "Anchors Aweigh" and Tom & Jerry cartoons; and Preston Blair, who was animating the Avery classics at the time, later directing Barney Bear cartoons.

Of interest to readers of this article is that Kenny Muse, no less, is the artist who cleaned-up all these roughs for "Fantasia". Kenny, a prolific draftsman, was "rescued" from the Disney inbetween department by Preston Blair to assist in this animation. George Drake, the inbetween dept. head hated to see Kenny leave as he was turning out more inbetweens than anyone in history, then and now. Of course, it was no time until he was animating. The last drawing in this scene of rough drawings as cleaned up by Kenny, appears as a double page color spread with some brooms in the "Art of Walt Disney". It should be noted that those brooms are from another scene, and this animation appears as we see it here . . . with the classic Ugo D'Orsi water effects animation . . . unique in the art of animation.

Zim Autobiography © Horseheads Historical Society

Exclusive

ZIM AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Here is the second installment of the fascinating autobiography of ZIM, whose cartoons first came to national attention in the pages of the prestigious magazine JUDGE, back in 1885, and continued to delight and interest readers there, and in other publications, until his death in 1935. As we mentioned in our Issue #48, this autobiography has never before been published, and we were excited about the opportunity to bring it to our readers because of the lively and humorous way in which Zim sheds so much light on everything that happened during those fifty years! Starting with an account of his birth in Basel, Switzerland in 1862, Zim told of his early years in Europe, of his being shipped to America at the age of 7½ in the care of a family friend, of being a steerage passenger sleeping on a bunk of hemlock boards in a balmy atmosphere of chloride of lime, and of finally arriving in Paterson, New Jersey, at the bake-shop where his father, who had come to America previously, worked. As the first installment ended, Zim was talking about his getting up at 5 A.M. each morning to deliver the loaves of bread his father baked, and about his difficulties in running the gauntlet of the Sandy Hill Gang in one of the tough residential sections of town. We continue here with the balance of Chapter II in the autobiography and go on from there.

My schooling was at a very low ebb, for, to the mind of a practical baker, education was an unnecessary acquisition. Geography did not tell him how far it was from the bakery to the doorstep of his farthest customer. Arithmetic helped to prevent short-changing on collection days but it didn't state how much flour to the pound of sugar and how much raisins and molasses were required to make gingerbread, nor how to overcome the odor of a foul egg that accidentally slipped into the cake dough.

Boys of that period were obliged to think more seriously of *vocation* than *vacation*. Every lad of my acquaintance left grammar school before finishing the course in order to take up a job or become apprenticed to some tradesman.

In that busy little bakery at the corner of Broadway and West Street there were only two workers, besides myself — namely, the boss Joseph Bourseleth and my father — and none of us was given an opportunity to become sybaritic. Many times I was obliged to assist with the night work, in addition to the delivery job. On such occasions I would snatch

"forty winks" now and then by slipping out of the hot basement and casting my slight form upon a cool and inviting pavement, there to dream of better days to come. But the cruel, gruff voice of the boss would ring out upon the prevailing calmness of the immediate neighborhood to arouse me from blissful slumber.

Frequently I cussed the bakery industry in general and Bourseleth's sweatshop in particular. I grew to spurn the pies and cookies to which I had access, for the sight of molasses, brown sugar, raisins, currants and putrefied store eggs rendered themselves obnoxious by their incessancy. Place a privileged youth in a candy shop and he will soon eat himself out of his desire for sweets. Such was my case. I was fed up on the delicious product of the baker's art and for me the romance of the bake-shop withered and died.

However, I attribute much of my success as an artist later in life to the experience gained in the cellar of that bakery. There, during the small hours of the morning, by lamp-light, I used to execute marvelous designs in frosting, or model in dough such realistic images that people, after purchasing, would hate to destroy them. When customers wanted food they went elsewhere.

Among the mural decorations and frescos of the 19th Century were many wonderful creations by eminent artists, but one I have in mind was painted by my own hand at the age of eleven: the first art piece of mine to attract any attention at all. The subject was a very popular skit of the day, *viz,* Harrigan and Hart in "The Mulligan Guards." One reason why it did not elicit wide applause was the mediocrity of its surroundings. There were no tapestries or batiks, no marble statuary or bronzes, to suggest the presence of an esthetic temperament; just a plain bakery of the primitive type, with a setting of flour barrels, pans and yeast tubs.

In the early 'seventies, whenever Harrigan and Hart put across a new song hit it would appear in a ten-cent "songster" with a lurid colored cover; every boy deemed it a privilege to possess one and learn the lines by heart. At the height of "The Mulligan Guards'" popularity the idea struck me that a fresco of those two burlesque characters in their ill-fitting military uniforms should adorn a whitewashed wall of the bake-shop where I lived and labored, so I produced a rather startling enlargement of the songster's cover design in a medium of kerosene oil, illuminated with vermillion and lampblack.

This premier masterpiece was allowed to stay on exhibition until the background gave way to the elements and a fresh coat of whitewash became imperative. Then it silently passed into the limbo of the pterodactyl.

Prior to that I had made quite a number of drawings which my father frowned upon as a waste of time. He had no liking for caricature; more than once he threatened to chastise me unless I cast aside the troublesome crayons. The original of the first cartoon I drew in this country — showing a youthful pickpocket closely followed by a cop — is still extant. I have not yet determined whether to present it to the Smithsonian Institution or the Metropolitan Museum; hence it is still in my possession. Another of my earliest drawings shows the good ship *Paraguay,* which had brought me to America and which, therefore, merits a place in history beside the *Half Moon, the Mayflower,*

Here, and on succeeding pages, are some of the countless portraits, which Zim did in full color, 3 by 4 feet in size, of celebrities in the Horseheads area. Many of these are on the walls of the Zim Center.

GAS
WASHINGTON
U.S.
GRAFIER
COAL TRUST.
LAWSON
DIVORCE COURT HARPY.
PAY TO THE ORDER OF FADS & FANC
A VICTIM.
COON GUN.

THE MODER

DISHONEST CONTRACTOR.
GIVE ME REGIS TO S
CROOKED FINANCIER.
CONTRACT
GRAFT
POLITICAL BOSS.
RAIL TRU
CORRUPT POLITICIAN
GRAFTER.
PATENT MEDICINE QUACKS
IMMUNITY BLANK.
IN CONSIDERATION OF 1.000 DOLLARS. AND SOFORTH
POLITICS

UGGERNAUT.

the *Welcome,* and Columbus' caravel.

On one occasion I was whacked over the pants with a cane while decorating a neighbor's high board fence with caricatures — a decidedly unfavorable reaction which almost killed my desire to continue the pursuit of art. The neighbor who did the whacking was a rich old codger with a hawk-beak nose and a soul without sentiment. As a result of that castigation I refrained from public display of my talents until such time as I could find appreciation.

When my brother Adolph died some time ago I fell heir to his personal effects, including the letters I had written him as far back as 1873, before I was completely Americanized. A typical letter follows:

My Dear Brother
as i thought i would write and tell you that me and father are very well and i am getting now 175 cents and soon will get 2$ Dollars father has a stidy job and me to and i hope you the same. i have only one good suit and that i ware at every day but i have a fine job and i will stick to it i will get a new suit next week or the week after and i will try to come over to New York and you tell Paul that i have not got any good cloth to have my likeness taken and have no more from the other time
The Complements of your brother
Eugene Zimmermann
in care of Mrs. Bourseleth,
49 Broadway, Paterson, N.J.

The "stidy job" I had then, and for more than a year, was office boy to a real estate broker. I was still boarding with the Bourseleths and sleeping in a little room above the bakery, for which I was obliged to pay my entire income, $1.75 a week. My duties were to sweep out the real estate office, wash up, and shine the boss's shoes.

For the upkeep of the property entrusted to him, my employer always carried a goodly supply of house paints, to which I had constant access. As he often needed "To Let" and "For Sale" signs he regarded me as a handy utensil to have around. Occasionally I painted "Beware of the Dog!" signs for owners of poodles and dachshunds who lived in continual fear of burglars. While my remuneration seems slim as compared with salaries of today, I felt amply compensated by the opportunity those paints afforded me in art advancement, for they opened an avenue which led ultimately to my cherished goal, the sign shop.

CHAPTER III

On a beautiful midsummer's day at the age of twelve I suddenly wearied of the bakery with its cloying aroma of cakes and pies, and my interest in real estate sank to the lowest possible ebb.

Hearing that a farmer named Bill Marshall desired to engage a chore boy and give him a good home, I sought out the tiller of the soil while he was making purchases in the city. After a brief interview I climbed into his old democrat wagon with a tiny bundle of wearing apparel and bade goodbye to the city's heat and stifling odors.

His farm was located at Totowa, just outside of Paterson. In addition to the house and a small acreage, Bill Marshall possessed one democrat and Bucephalus, the ancient plug which pulled it; many chickens, ducks and geese; a pious wife; red side whiskers, and a carmine nose showing the effects of occasional "benders."

Into those surroundings I fitted fairly well and was treated like a son. Whenever the neighbors referred to me it was as "that there Marshall boy." I was hired to do chores at a stipulated income of three meals a day and a place to sleep. No mention was made of coin or other consideration, and when I ran shy of ample garments with which to face the

wintry blasts I had to look to my father for such comforts. Folks were not proud in those days, however, and the necessary apparel for covering a lad my age was by no means extravagant. Except in cold weather, a shirt and overalls constituted my entire wardrobe. Shoes were almost an unknown quantity.

Bill Marshall's fame was based upon reflected glory. His wife flattered herself that she would have become First Lady of the Land had she acceded to proposals made by Ulysses Simpson Grant at Galana, Illinois, before the Civil War, but she jilted the future general and married my employer instead. Probably Grant forgave her; Bill never did.

Many years afterward, while attending the dedication of that magnificent mausoleum on Riverside Drive where our eighteenth President and his wife are sleeping out eternity, the thought came to me that, but for a whim of Fate, Bill's spouse might have been resting there in place of Julia Dent Grant. Or perhaps, if Grant had married his first love, his career might have been sidetracked, the surrender of Fort Donaldson might never have been recorded in history, and "some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood" might have found repose beneath a weeping willow in a humble country churchyard.

When I entered upon my duties as chore boy it was incumbent upon me to arise before the rest of the household, build a kitchen fire, fry the potatoes and make tea. Two or three lessons equipped me with sufficient culinary knowledge to be entrusted with the task of preparing the matutinal meal. There was never a change in the bill-of-fare, because the solemn faces and sour stomachs that graced the festive board every morning did not demand it.

The axe was always nearby, and numerous barrels and boxes were available for fuel. This part of the day's activities Bill himself scorned as beneath his dignity; so from dissecting lumber I gradually developed a right arm that would have done credit to a blacksmith.

Although many lads of my age would have regarded such environment as depressing, it was an innovation for me to find anybody at all interested in my stay on earth. Instead of prowling at night, making mischief with the gangs of the neighborhood, I was given patchwork to sew for quilts and the preparing of material for rag carpets as my regular evening's entertainment.

This proved a novel experience for me. My winter days were spent at public school, where I received such meager education as the times and conditions afforded; the rest of my training I was obliged to acquire through practical experience and contact with the outside world.

During my first few weeks on the farm I was so green it's a wonder somebody's cattle didn't eat me up. Once a farmer sent me into his pasture to fetch his cow. There was also a bull in the field. They both looked alike to me, so I asked, "How will I know which one is the cow?"

"You ain't gotta know nothin'," the farmer replied. "Jest let her see you an' she'll think she had a calf, an' she'll follow you in all right, all right."

In those days we had no radio, no picture shows, no parties to break the dreary monotony of the daily routine, day in and day out. I was never permitted to remain overnight at the home of an acquaintance nor allowed to invite any to share the night with me. During those long dull years life's joys seemed only for others. It is a marvel to me how I ever developed a humorous instinct in such an atmosphere of mediocrity, heart-hunger and sadness. Mindful of the tender love bestowed upon my playmates by indulgent parents, I was often given to silent prayers in the seclusion of my lonely attic bedchamber — prayers such as only a kid could invent, for the gloomy people with whom I dwelt evinced little interest in my spiritual welfare.

Agriculture was not at all exciting. It was a relief each week when Thursday and Friday rolled around and we turned

to itinerant ichthyology. You see, Bill Marshall had a brother who was part owner of a large and prosperous fish market in the City of Paterson, and he permitted Bill to dispose of the perishing refuse of his store, embracing fish, clams, mussels, vegetables and all the unsalable week-end remnants, to the foreign elements in the suburbs. There is a passage in the Bible (Deut. XIV:21) which authorizes the selling of bad meat to foreigners, and in that respect my employer and his brother were quite orthodox.

Bucephalus was attached to the caravan and away we went. I tooted the horn that heralded our approach. This was our chief form of advertising, unless an appeal to the olfactory sense could be included in that category, for the kind of seafood we toted around would not have received Board of Health sanction, however valuable it might have been as fertilizer.

The only part of peddling I disliked was crying out the merchandise for sale, which the boss insisted I should do, as my voice, being younger, was less harsh and raucous than his.

Bill Marshall was a business genius. He could distinguish bigger money in his neighbors' crops than in those sown by the sweat of his own brow. Thus he lived almost exclusively on the profits of his fellow-men's products.

One day he said to me: "Gene, put them sideboards on the democrat an' hitch up the old hoss an' we'll go over to neighbor Wilkenson's an' make him an offer for a load of watermelons."

Ten minutes later he yelled: "Wilkenson, I'll give you just a dollar for a load of your melons, an' I'll load 'em on myself."

"You've bought something," Wilkenson replied.

There was not a vacant inch of space left in that load, and as the deal was made on a Friday, Bill and I took them to market Saturday, cleaning up fifteen dollars for a day's work. The exploiting of unsavory fish and home-grown melons requires real ingenuity.

I used to hail those excursions with glee, because of the vacation from farm labor and because they put me in touch with more varied phases of life, a constant change of faces and characters which, years afterward, I transmuted into comic art and cash. In this connection I quote the following letter of recent date (without vouching for its authenticity):

Mr. E. Zim, dear sir:

I noticed in a magazine article on your life, that you once worked for a fish peddler. I have a red-headed boy of 12 who exhibits marked signs of future greatness, mostly in the line of comic art. Will you please recommend a competent fish peddler who would be willing to start my boy on his art career and thus confer an everlasting favor upon

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER

To which I replied:

Dear Madam:

It pains me to state that there are no more fish peddlers, the profession having died with Bill Marshall (my boss). Fish are now ordered by phone and delivered in automobiles. Their sale is regulated by the Board of Health. Unless your son can procure a permit from the said Board to push a fish-cart for a year or two, he might as well banish the idea of becoming a comic artist.

Regretfully yours,
ZIM

Bill Marshall's steed, Bucephalus, had served numerous masters before taking up his abode at Totowa. In time he became so decrepit and so utterly useless as a motive power for the huckster's wagon that it was decided to dispose of him forthwith. A plan was devised whereby the animated bag of bones might return to its Maker by a slow, easy process. Winter was near; to save the hoss from eating his own head off before the spring plowing commenced, it was deemed more profitable to let the crows do it for him.

In those days there was no demand for superannuated horseflesh, as Paterson had neither a menagerie nor a combined chewing-gum and sausage foundry. Besides, there were many crows in the State of New Jersey and, as the Legislature had made no provision for such, they had to depend upon the obsolete, cast-off creatures of the neighborhood. Especially in the season when no corn or cherry crops could be raided.

Final judgment having been passed upon Bucephalus, I was selected to perform the last rites of escorting him to his doom in the wilderness some miles distant. As the solemn funeral cortege proceeded up the dusty road, the sight to a beholder might have been a sad one indeed, but the procession encountered no beholders. There was not even a traffic cop to bid the travelers "keep to the right and don't break the speed limit." No historic pageant was more impressive in its simplicity than the passing of this once noble beast to his ultimate resting-place.

The spot designated for this ignominious climax to a useful life was now reached. The crows had gathered and were giving vent to a joyful requiem in anticipation of the feast.

I, an unwilling but humane executioner, climbed down from my burlapping elevation, then removed the steed's bridle, the last vestige of his lowly but honorable calling. I patted his head an affectionate farewell and "left him alone with his glory."

Turning away tearful eyes, I ambled off, sad and sorrowful. To erase the memory of that scene as speedily as possible, I journeyed homeward by cross-lots, glancing back now and then from a distance for a final glimpse of the ghastly stack of bones.

I saw the vanishing skate still located there, nibbling the flora that grew at his feet as the shadows of eternal night darkened around him, and it made me think of the last meal vouchsafed to a condemned man just before his execution.

Thus I let Bucephalus settle the matter with the crows as best he could. Tired and footsore, filled with freckles and stone bruises and remorse, I retired that night to dream of the miserable task that had befallen my lot.

Early the next morning my boss awoke me with this greeting: "Young man, I thought I told you to turn that nag out to die!"

He led me to the barn, where the veteran Bucephalus was standing in his accustomed stall, grinning from ear to ear and full of the pep of former days!

There he was, sure enough, his "innards" well stocked with delicate shrubs and lovely wiid flowers acting just like a kid back from a day's outing — a treat he had never before been permitted to enjoy!

The change had made a new horse of him, and from day to day the critter continued to improve in looks and actions, so that when he was bid off under the hammer, some months later, he brought the unbelievable sum of thirty-five dollars in cold cash. ●

HOWARD BOUGHNER

ART·IDEAS

Howard Boughner

HOWARD BOUGHNER, who has conducted a successful freelance business in commercial cartooning in Cleveland, Ohio, for a number of years, always has a fund of amusing stories about things that have happened along the way. Here are some more of his reminiscences.

Free lancing has its own special funny situations and encounters with interesting people. There's a story that the old Evans School of Cartooning (correspondence) was originally in such small, cramped quarters that everybody had to work standing up. There wasn't room to sit down. An offshoot of the Evans school was a commercial cartooning studio called J&E. The E stood for Evans and the J for George JUJA who had worked at the school. Juja owned the studio when I was there and STILL worked standing up though he now had plenty of room.

A George Green (yes, two Georges) was art director and was quite nearsighted. When anyone brought him a drawing to okay and held it a normal distance in front of his face George could barely see it. Dick Dugan (now Cleveland Plain Dealer sports cartoonist) and I got to teasing George by holding our art turned over with the blank side toward him and letting George puzzle, trying to make out our drawings. Being an art director, George was once invited to help judge a beauty contest at Kent State U. He went but we always wondered if he really saw the girls. George had a lot of eye problems but, give him credit, he could and did draw through all of them.

A J&E assignment took me out to an incubator company to make on-the-spot sketches of a new type incubator for a folder. A rush job, of course. Workmen were standing around waiting for me to finish so they could dismantle the incubator and ship it to a farm exhibit. There was a crash course on incubators, starting from scratch. It was a lot to learn and absorb in one stand. I got away with the whole bit, technical stuff and all, EXCEPT for one thing: I couldn't, for the life of me, draw an *EGG* to suit them.

Saalfield Publishing Co. was in nearby Akron. They did all kinds of children's publications. Miss Grismer, then the editor, had an unusual gimmick. The visitors' chair was a big old wicker rocker with soft pads on both back and seat. When you sat there you could not help but relax. Maybe it was her 'psyche'. I did a bundle of game assignments for them. On one of their game boxes I had to draw an exotic tropical bird. Our big library had only a postcard to use as reference . . . and it wasn't very clear. So I called our zoo. Yes, they had

On these pages are several samples of cartoons by Howard Boughner.

Come Back Again

that bird. I was on a short deadline but I decided to be real accurate and draw it 'live'. It was a ten, twelve mile trip through city streets. This was in winter and the bird was shown ONLY IN SUMMER and they wouldn't let me see it.

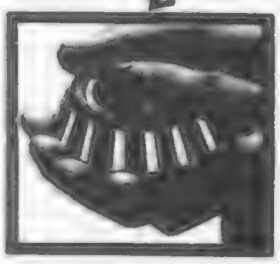
Didn't the device we cartoonists call a 'balloon' originate with cartoonists? It consists of words with a line drawn around them with a stem leading to the speaker. When I was doing cartoon ads for BBDO Advertising Agency I learned that advertisers (at the time) were calling them 'blurbs' and, of course, I was wrong. That bothered me and I looked 'blurb' up in my dictionary. One definition of blurb was 'an untruth'. Ha!

Cleveland BBDO did have some great artists. That beautifully drawn Timken roller bearing freight car series was done there then and I knew the artist. Their art director was probably the best for whom I ever worked. He didn't just criticize — he TAUGHT. Suddenly this art director retired to Cape Cod to 'paint what he wanted to paint'. A new director came in from outside, bringing his own connections and I was out. The thing to do was try another agency and so I took samples to another agency. I made my presentation and waited for reaction. After studying my samples and me, the art director said, 'You know, you have a very interesting set of wrinkles on your forehead!'

This next incident happened while I was at NEA but really isn't part of my NEA memories and while it isn't free lancing, either, I'd like to tell it. I think most cartoonists start out with stars in their eyes and struggle for perhaps years to get any kind of a start in cartooning. I know it was so with me in the depression. I had a spot in comic art at NEA . . . not great but it had taken quite some persistence to get there. Well, during World War II the armed forces induc-

They'll all come back if you give 'em the best. When it's a bearing job . . . *just tell 'em it's TIMKEN!*

A game and refreshment room might bring 'em in. But the real pulling power lies in car service. When you give 'em the best in replacement parts, you give the best in service. That means replacing with best-known names, like "Timken®". They'll all come back if you show 'em the trade-mark "TIMKEN" on the bearings. The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio. Canadian plant: St. Thomas, Ontario. Cable: "TIMROSCO".



TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NOT JUST A BALL ○ NOT JUST A ROLLER ⊂⊃ THE TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER ⊂⊃ BEARING TAKES RADIAL ⊕ AND THRUST ⊕ LOADS OR ANY COMBINATION ✳

Design No. 6651-C—B B D O Cl 6-474—Motor Service, August, 1956

The SGs . . .

I'LL HAVE IRISH STEW, COLLEEN... AN' BE QUICK ABOUT IT.
YE WOULDN'T WANT ME TO BE LATE FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE, WOULD YE, NOW? AN' WHY AREN'T YE A'WEARIN' THE GREEN TODAY?
THOSE LEPRECHAUNS CERTAINLY CAN TURN A PLACE UPSIDE DOWN!

WW-1-64-MN
MILWAUKEE WROT HAS 133,000 WASHER DIES IN STOCK!*
*Send blueprints, specifications and quantities on types of Washers or Stampings you require. We will quote you promptly.
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WROUGHT WASHER MFG. CO.
2140 South Bay Street
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WW-2-64-MN
MILWAUKEE WROT IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF WASHERS!*
*Send blueprints, specifications and quantities on types of Washers or Stampings you require. We will quote you promptly.
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WROUGHT WASHER MFG. CO.
2140 South Bay Street
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53207
SHeridan 4-0771 • twx 414-671-5723

tion center was just a block over from NEA. One morning, at breakfast I met a real husky, physical young man who was on his way to the center. He looked a real toughie but was very friendly and we talked about the draft, which jobs were deferred, etc. He asked what I did and when I told him that I was a cartoonist, he was filled with genuine concern. 'Can't you get out of it?'

When freelancing, lunch time is a chance to meet with other cartoonists, writers, etc. and shoptalk. My favorite lunchmate for years was Jud Hurd, the 'PROfiles' editor. We used to meet at a place called 'Karl Brown's', or at one of several Chinese restaurants, or occasionally at a steak house run by two professional football players, the Modzelewski brothers. Dick, incidentally, was the famous N.Y. Giants player.

Getting around to industries and businesses, I saw many conference tables. Sometimes I brought materials and did work right there on the conference table. Such a time was at the Clevite Corporation. While I was working, a little girl came around. 'Would you like some coffee?' She set a paper cup on the table and I really forgot about it until I had knocked it over. It was a big, expensive table so I took my hankersniff and wiped up the spilled coffee as best I could. That wasn't really good enough so, no one being around, I took out the bottom of my shirt and wiped up the rest. It was a little uncomfortable but nobody else knew the difference.

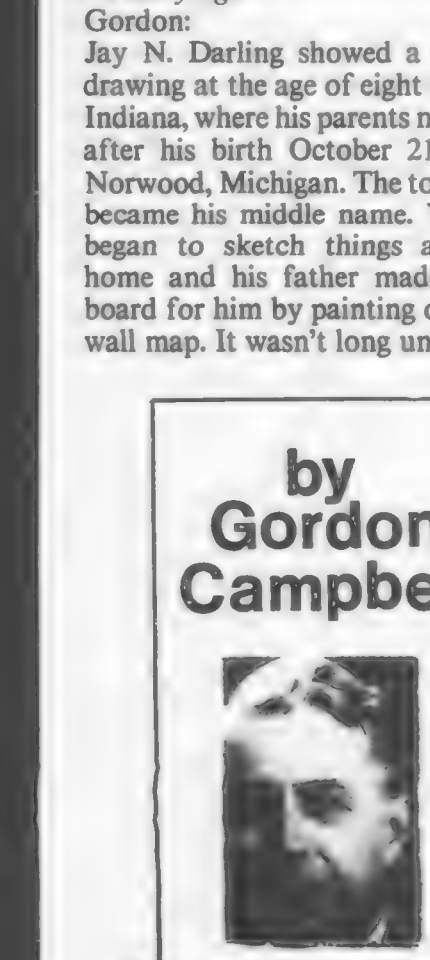
And that leads to this. I wrote gags for Buford Tune's Dottie Dripple for some thirteen years. Early in our work relationship, I went out to Hollywood and spent some time working directly with him. I went by train, the Union Pacific's streamliner, "City of Los Angeles". It being a long haul, most of us in the reclining seat coaches got to know something about each other. For instance, my seat mate was a card dealer headed for a new job in Vegas. I got to be something of a celebrity on the train, not because I was a cartoonist but because I was sitting with a card dealer.

In the morning, overnight out of Chicago, the train stopped at Cheyenne to add another locomotive for going over the mountains. Cramped from sitting up all night, a bunch of us walked up to the front of the train to watch them add the big steam engine. While there the train's diesel engine spurted water from its side right on my pants, soaking them. I changed in the wash room but of course couldn't pack the wet pants in my bag so laid them on the rack over my head and under my bag. Twenty-four hours later, knocked out from the two-day trip, I forgot and left them on the train. When picking them up later at the station's lost-and-found, the clerk said, "Tell me, how did you get home WITHOUT YOUR PANTS?"

Finally this to end on an up note. I certainly have been 'put down' a lot in my professional cartooning life and I suspect other cartoonists have, too. Sometimes, if not often, for economic reasons. They're afraid it will cost them more if they admit they really like your work. An exception happened to me within this last year. I do some work for the personnel of a well known, large corporation whose product is a household word. We had a special project that called for several think tank sessions. You'd go in the conference room. There would be a round of introductions and handshakes . . . 'this is whosit, whatshisface,' etc. and then we'd jump right into the rush project at hand. On several such sessions there would be a mild mannered little guy who was very pleasant to me. After the project was put to bed I ran into him at the headquarters and he told me he liked my work very much. I don't think I ever heard it put so frankly and I appreciated it. Still some time after that I was again at the company on another project and the party I was seeing said she had to cut this session short as they were having a retirement dinner for Dick Whatshisface. 'Hey, I LIKE him. He has been very nice to me. Could I go over and wish him well?' So I did. Hmmm, CORNER office . . . prestige . . . and this is a big company. He was most cordial, inviting me in to sit and chat. I left with 'Take care, Dick . . . best of luck.' Back with the gal who told me about it, I asked: "What is Dick's position here?' 'Vice President'. ●

J.N. Ding

by Gordon Campbell



Here's another interesting conversation between noted cartoon collector and historian, GORDON CAMPBELL, and his wife, MARY.

Gordon:
Does "Ding" ring a bell with you?
Mary:
Yes, Darling.
Gordon:
That's right, Jay Norwood Darling. He was the most respected political cartoonist during the first half of this century.
Mary:
How did the name "Ding" come about?
Gordon:
When he was a junior at Beloit College in Wisconsin he drew a cartoon for the year-book that depicted the faculty as a line of ballet girls. This caused his suspension from the school for a year and delayed his graduation. The drawing was a milestone in his career: it was signed "Ding". Both Jay's father and older brother had been called Ding; and the nickname became his after that incident. The story that "Ding" resulted from the omission of the apostrophe when the cartoonist wrote "D'ing" or from a printer's contraction of Darling just wasn't true.
Mary:
At least, he was drawing attention at an early age.
Gordon:
Jay N. Darling showed a knack for drawing at the age of eight in Elkhart, Indiana, where his parents moved soon after his birth October 21, 1876, in Norwood, Michigan. The town's name became his middle name. Young Jay began to sketch things around his home and his father made a blackboard for him by painting over an old wall map. It wasn't long until Jay was making recognizable likenesses of the Darling family. He began to illustrate his letters, a practice he continued all his life.
Jay's father was Rev. Marc Warner Darling, a Congregational minister, and Jay assumed the duties of a small-town minister's son. He pumped the old-fashioned organ, dusted the pews, made the fires and sifted the ashes. At 11, Jay joined the choir directed by a small statured man who wore large glasses and was partially bald. The director was drawn by Ding hundreds of times over the years as the ordinary citizen victimized by taxes, dictators and the reckless motorist.
Mary:
Did Jay. N. Darling have formal training in art or cartooning?
Gordon:
After the Darling family moved to Sioux City, Iowa, he took a correspondence course in cartooning

financed by the money he had earned by laying plank sidewalks. This was the only art instruction he had and he did not finish the course. Jay quit mailing the lessons and resumed sketching the things he saw about him.

Mary:

In the early years the correspondence courses seemed to be the only source of instruction.

Gordon:

That's right, there were very few schools that taught art classes or cartooning. A student had to learn and practice on his own.

Mary:

Where did Mr. Darling get his first cartoonist job?

Gordon:

Right there in his home town of Sioux City. Soon after graduation from college he became a reporter for the Sioux City Tribune; later he transferred to the Journal. It was to be a temporary job before he entered medical school. One day during a courtroom assignment a lawyer struck an opponent and when no photograph could be had, Darling produced such a remarkable drawing that the managing editor asked him to draw a daily cartoon for the newspaper.

He began to cartoon local subjects and was soon covering state and national politics. Darling chronicled the birth of aviation with a drawing of the Wright brothers outdistancing the eagle. His cartoons were becoming well known outside of Sioux City and in 1906 he was offered a job on the Des Moines Register and Leader.

Mary:

Did he spend the rest of his life in Des Moines?

Gordon:

By 1911, Darling's work was being reprinted all over the country. He was offered and accepted a job with Associated Newspapers, a syndicate formed to produce material for the New York Globe and several other papers. The syndicate insisted its artists live there. The staff included Percy Crosby, the creator of "Skippy", Harold T. Webster, originator of the "Timid Soul" (Casper Milquetoast), who reported for work the same day as Darling. And a young sports cartoonist that Darling was instrumental in hiring, Robert L. Ripley, of "Believe It Or Not" fame.

Mr. Darling had quit his job in Des Moines for the one on the New York Globe so he could consult with a prominent neurologist. At this time, he began to lose the use of his right arm and hand and his cartooning seemed to be at an end.

Back in 1910, after an early morning stay in a duck blind in Iowa, he was trampling across a frozen cornfield when he snared his foot in a loop of a cornstalk frozen into the ground at both ends. It threw him to the ground and his right elbow was injured. It had caused the ulnar nerve to be pinched and his right arm and hand became withered. He began enlarging his drawings so the reduced reproduction would eliminate the wiggles which his hand could not control. Also, he could no longer control a pen and switched to the brush. After a successful operation, he recovered the use of the arm and hand completely. Darling never went back to using a pen for drawing and continued to use fine pointed brushes.

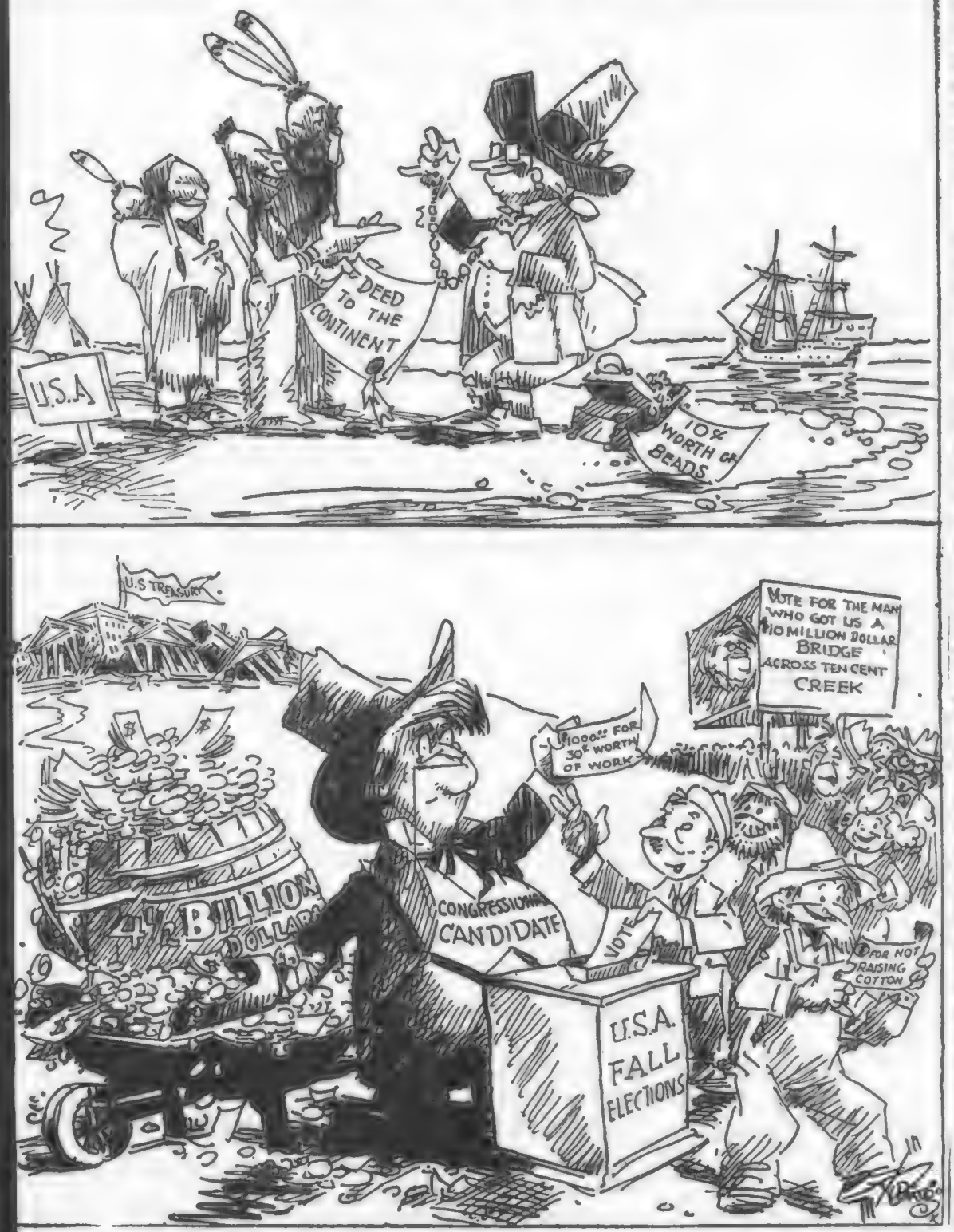
Mary:

How long did Mr. Darling work for the New York Globe?

Gordon:

Darling became disenchanted with New York and longed to be back in the mid-west. In 1913, he left the Globe and moved back to Des Moines. I don't think he was impressed with

Our Forefathers Did It A Lot Cheaper


DEED TO THE CONTINENT
U.S.A
10¢ WORTH OF BEADS
U.S TREASURY
4½ BILLION DOLLARS
CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATE
$1000.00 FOR 30¢ WORTH OF WORK
VOTE
VOTE FOR THE MAN WHO GOT US A $10 MILLION DOLLAR BRIDGE ACROSS TEN CENT CREEK
FOR NOT RAISING COTTON
U.S.A. FALL ELECTIONS

metropolitan journalism. In 1916, though allowed to live in Des Moines, his cartoons were syndicated by the New York Tribune, known since its 1924 purchase of the New York Herald as the New York Herald-Tribune. For years, Ding cartoons were carried by 130 daily newspapers throughout the country. He remained with the Des Moines Register until he retired in 1949. However, in 1934 and 1935 he let slide his cartoonist's income to take a job as head of the Biological Survey in Washington D.C., when there was a crisis in the migratory waterfowl population. He founded the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission and during the two years in that position, he was credited with getting twenty million dollars for wildlife conservation and setting aside four and a half million acres for refuge land. For this, he became honorary life president of the Wildlife Federation.

Mary:

I guess he was the best friend ducks ever had.

Gordon:

Darling was a very forceful personality in the conservation movement for which he was awarded the Theodore Roosevelt Gold Medal award.

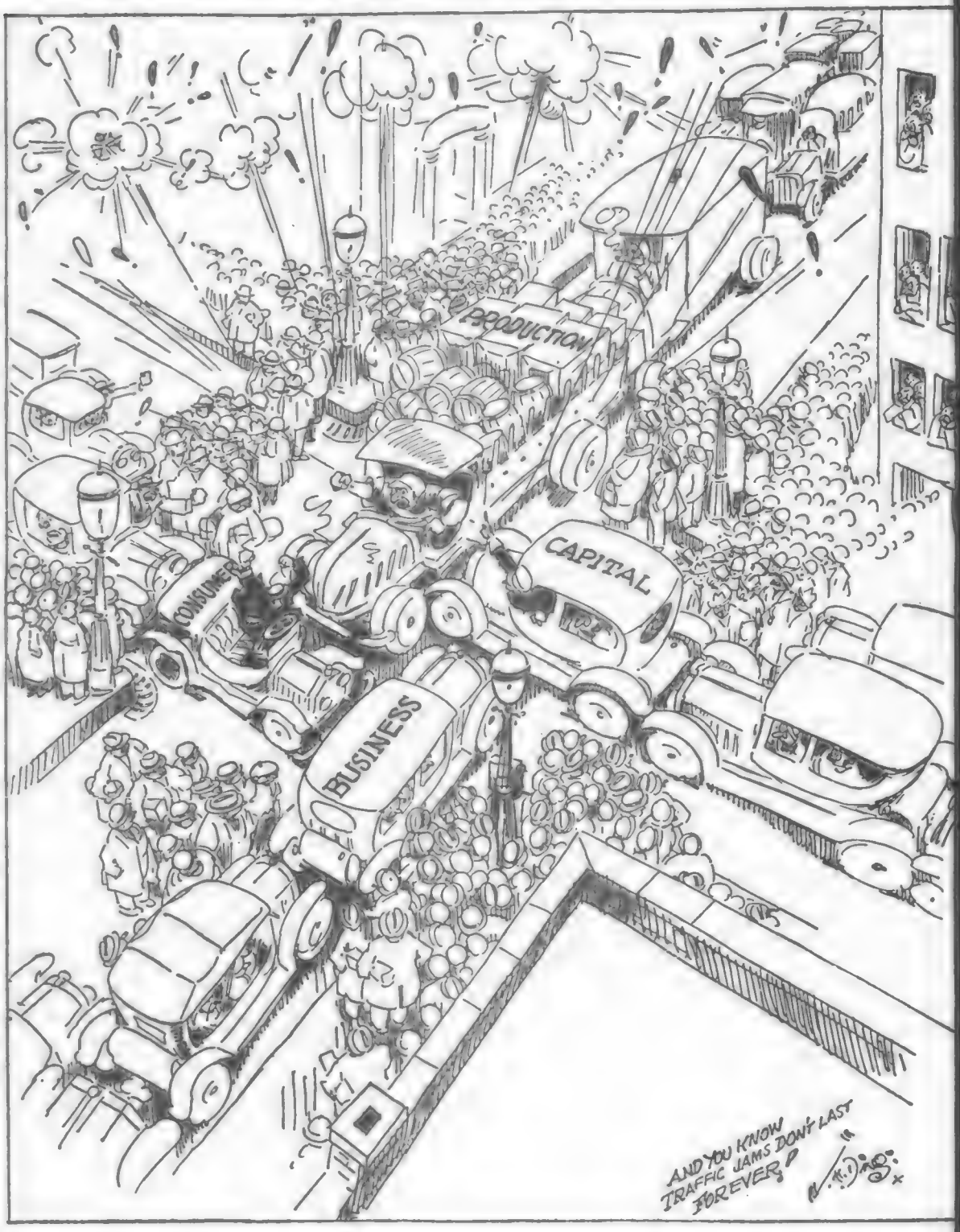
Mary:

What were Mr. Darling's political views?

Gordon:

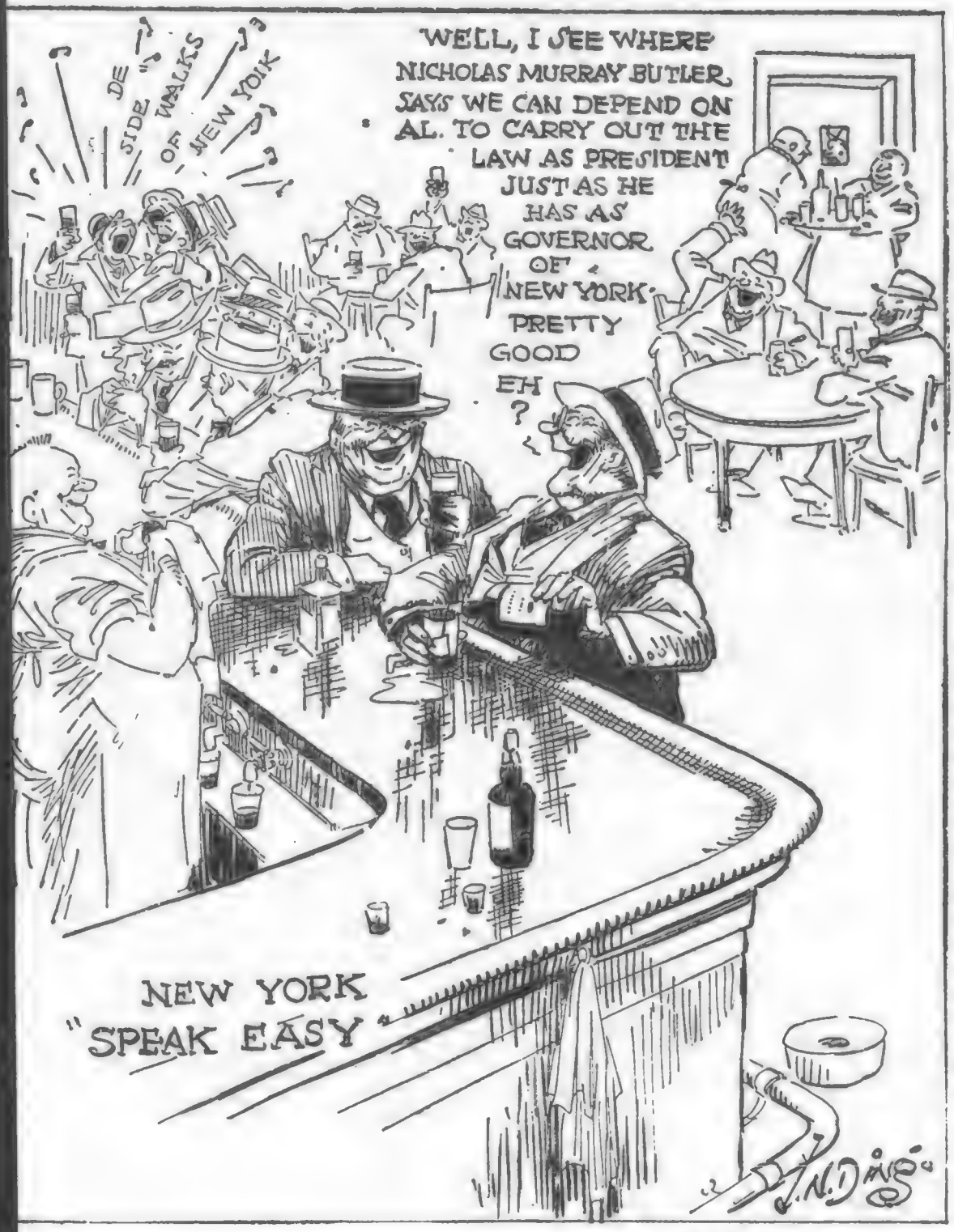
He was a staunch Republican from birth. He had forecast America's entrance into World War I and urged preparedness. After World War I

This Isn't Depression, It's A Traffic Jam



IF NEW YORK IS A FAIR SAMPLE

Copyright, 1928, New York Tribune, Inc.


DE SIDE OF WALKS OF NEW YOIK
WELL, I SEE WHERE NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, SAYS WE CAN DEPEND ON AL. TO CARRY OUT THE LAW AS PRESIDENT JUST AS HE HAS AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK. PRETTY GOOD EH ?
NEW YORK "SPEAK EASY"
J.N. Ding

—Courtesy New York Herald-Tribune.

ended he crusaded for Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. He fought in vain to convince Herbert Hoover to repeal the Volstead Act. As a delegate to the 1932 Republican national convention, Mr. Darling worked for the repeal plank as a member of the platform committee. He satirized Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. John L. Lewis, James Farley, Alfred E. Smith and others treasured copies of his cartoons. Al Smith had a standing request for all cartoons depicting him.

Originals of Darling cartoons were obtained by presidents from Theodore Roosevelt to Harry S. Truman. Herbert Hoover had a stack of them. He had the White House put on the syndicate mailing list in order to see Mr. Darling's cartoons as soon as they were released. To permit President Hoover to know which cartoons were all Mr. Darling's work and which had been partly drawn by assistants, Ding marked with a small cross at the end of his signature those which were his own.

Mary:

Isn't it unusual for a political cartoonist to have an assistant?

Gordon:

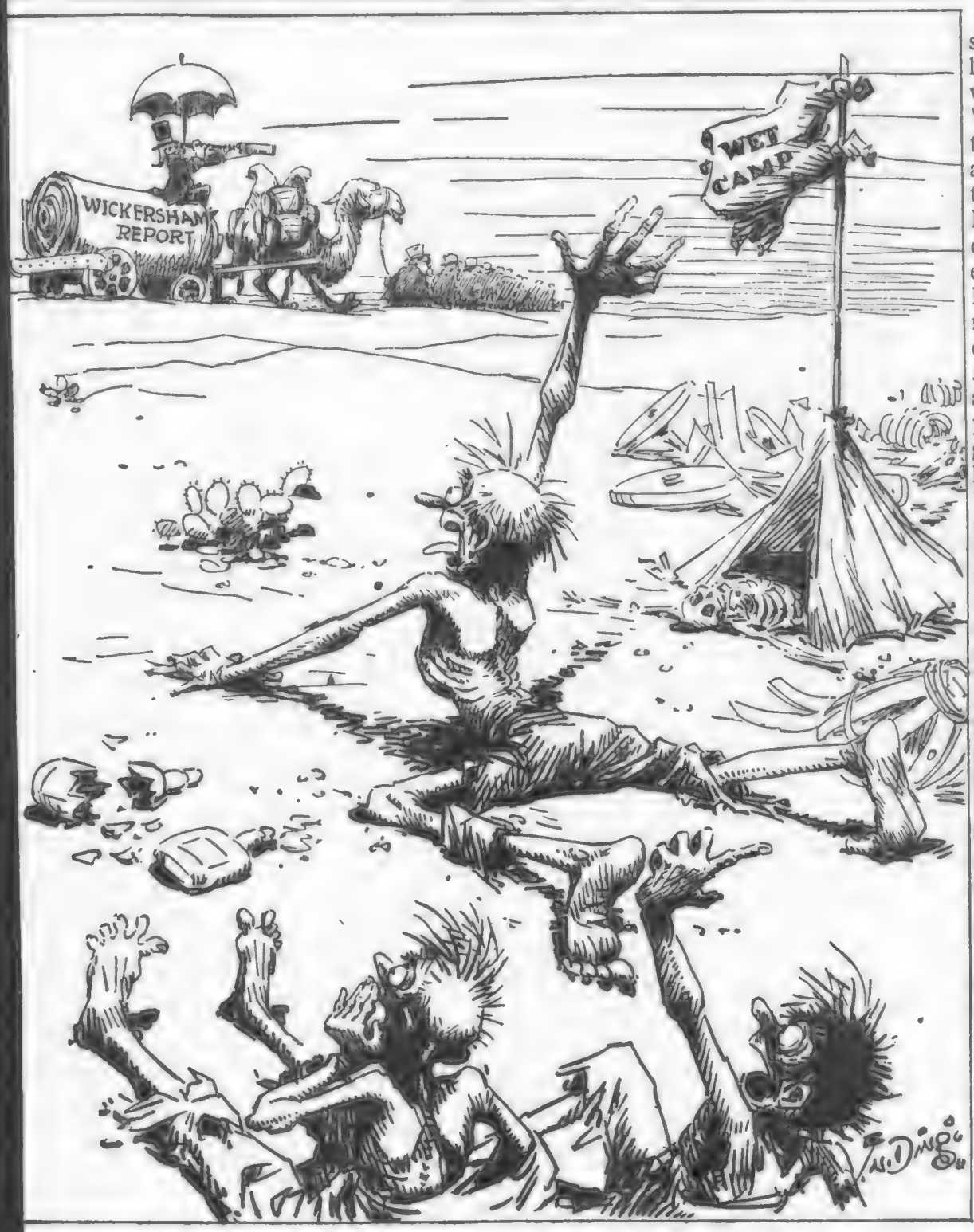
Yes, I would think so, but some could use a bit of help. Ding had the theory that anyone with the average amount of intelligence, who would make five or six sketches a day from life, will develop enough skill to fill a minor job as a cartoonist. Success after that would be rapid if they continue to work hard. He thought you need not be talented to do it.

Mary:
Do you subscribe to that theory?
Gordon:
There is some truth to it that anyone can learn to draw. However, editorial cartooning remains as difficult as ever to enter. It takes a brilliant mind, a rare analytical power where current events are concerned, strong convictions and unexcelled talent with pen or grease pencil or brush to make a top cartoonist. While Ding was a remarkable and effective draftsman, his success was due to an uncanny timing of ideas that caused his cartoons to be talked about. He poured as much talent into a cartoon jeering at some human frailty as he did into a political blockbuster, and was famous for one type as the other. Ding was the ideal cartoonist; he was deeply concerned about everything he drew and at the same time he was objective; he stood apart and was able to judge the effect of his own work.

Mary:
Did Mr. Darling win a Pulitzer prize during his lifetime?
Gordon:
Yes, he won two Pulitzer awards; one in 1924 and one in 1943. A cartoon published on May 6, 1923, won the first for Mr. Darling. "In Good Old U.S.A.", it depicted the rise of several American boys in humble circumstances to lofty positions—and ended "But they didn't get there by hanging around the corner drug store". It illustrated American opportunities for success; one of the examples, not named, was obviously Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. The

Ding Views Russia

Louder Boys, They Don't Seem To Hear You 1931



second Pulitzer was a cartoon published on September 13, 1942, which was entitled "What a Place for a Waste Paper Salvage Campaign", on the Washington output of bulletins and pamphlets. These were perhaps the two weakest cartoons he ever drew.

Mr. Darling was named the best cartoonist by the country's leading editors in a poll by Editor and Publisher for its 1934 golden anniversary edition. He was first in a list of 27, including Thomas Nast.

J.N. Darling's cartoons were compiled and published in book form every two years, from 1908 to 1920. He was a gifted writer, having actually begun his journalistic career as a reporter. The cartoonist occasionally wrote pieces illustrated by his own drawings. In 1931, he did a series after traveling thousands of miles in the Soviet Union. And a few years later a travelogue based on a trailer trip through the southeastern United States was published as "The Cruise of the Bouncing Betsy". Jay Norwood Darling was one of the most successful American cartoonists. He was also one of the nation's leading conservationists. In 1960, he was awarded the Audubon Medal for distinguished service in the conservation of natural resources.

The man with the perceptive mind and eloquent pen died at the age of 85. Ding's America is now old-fashioned and antiquated; but it touched greatness in its time. ●

The American meeting place and exhibition for those involved with the licensing of characters, personalities and properties, and the manufacture and purchase of licensed merchandise.

New York Hilton — New York May 27-28, 1981

AMERICAN CHARACTER LICENSING AND MERCHANDISING SHOW

Why You Should Exhibit

This is a unique Show—the American meeting place where licensors and agents involved in licensing characters, personalities and other properties come together as a professional industry to meet prospective licensees. Manufacturers of character merchandise also have the opportunity of exhibiting their juvenile and non-juvenile products to buyers and retailers.

The Show is part of worldwide activity to present a professional face to the market, to raise standards and to provide information for the thousands of manufacturers and buyers who have yet to recognize the value and profit potential of using licensed merchandise.

Here are five reasons why you should take part in the 1981 American Show:

1. Because it is your industry and your marketplace.
2. Because it provides licensors and agents with the opportunity of exhibiting and selling their properties to hundreds of potential licensees.
3. Because it gives producers and manufacturers of character merchandise the opportunity of meeting and selling to buyers and retailers.
4. Because the Show is part of a worldwide campaign to inform the market, to upgrade standards and stimulate greater awareness of licensing as a profitable merchandising technique.
5. Because this is the industry meeting place in the U.S.A. and a rich source of information and business opportunities.

Our Promotional Plans

The organizers have learned from their experiences in organizing the International Character Merchandising Exhibition in London each fall.

Consequently, the prospects have been clearly defined and a direct mail campaign is aimed precisely at the manufacturing areas and at the buyers and retailers whom exhibitors wish to meet. Promotional material will also include basic information about licensing and merchandising and explain why and how prospects can profit from visiting the Show.

Associations and organizations involved with the industry and representing the visitors will inform their members through newsletters and direct mail. Press coverage through all relevant magazines and journals will ensure greater awareness of the Show and will increase the quality and quantity of visitors. Exhibitor involvement at all stages will also ensure that key customers and their contacts are informed. Promotional material will be provided to exhibitors at no extra cost.

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During the early part of both days, before the Show is open, a series of important authoritative seminars and workshops will be held at the New York Hilton. Some of these will be aimed at helping visitors to understand the value and benefits of licensing and will give them a full briefing and background information before they visit the Show.

Other meetings will concentrate on specific aspects, such as legal aspects of licensing, the use of characters in advertising, sales promotion, selling and advertising to children, retailing with characters, how to evaluate a property, case studies, etc.

Yes, I am interested.

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Please rush me:

☐ Brochure/Contract

☐ Information on seminars

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MILTON CANIFF

ANIMATION

by GRIM Natwick

©Walt Disney Productions

©Walt Disney Productions

The nine old men of the Disney dynasty are now a part of animation history. They were the honor guard of an era that gave to animation dignity, status and a devoted public. They were a part of the golden years when animated cartoons were shown only in theaters. Those were the good old days.

In those days story men were autocrats. Their brains were like probing laser beams, capable of perceiving a witty idea buried in the center of a ten ton cubic block of anthracite coal. They could take an ordinary idea, lift it up by the heels and shake all of the loose change out of its pockets. Story men were relentless. The Warner Bros. group alone invented two hundred and forty-seven different ways to blow up a villain with a stick of dynamite. That took genius.

When a story was completed, it was story-boarded, broken into scenes and turned over to the animators. They would breathe life into the characters, put magic into the witty ideas with drawings that plunged an audience into uproarious peals of unrestrained laughter. These were the days of comedy shorts, the days of Mickey Mouse, of Felix the Cat,, of Woody Woodpecker, Tom and Jerry, Flip the Frog and Donald Duck. An army of super-animators grew up in Hollywood. They learned the innuendoes of timing and spacing drawings, the art of exposing and of psyching an audience. Each studio developed its own style of animating, a style to match its characters. Bugs Bunny was not a Mickey Mouse. Can you imagine Betty Boop singing 'Some Day my Prince will come'?

Also there were different styles in directing. In speaking about his direction, Tex Avery once remarked, "I used to ask myself, 'how would Disney do this?' Then I would search for a different way to do it." Tex was a master stylist.

©Walt Disney Productions

The early pictures were usually Hero-Villain stories. The heroes were smart, the villains were dumb. The early villains were vicious, unscrupulous rapscallions. Perhaps I should qualify that; they were caricatures of sleazy, vicious, unscrupulous rapscallions. They were grossly overdrawn. We were supposed to laugh at them, even when we hated them. The heroes always outwitted them. In the Fleischer pictures we met Bluto, the romantic pseudo-villain. The Popeye-Bluto battles were love-hate shenanigans, fought for the heart of lovely, swivel-hipped, swivel-brained Olive Oyl. They were the last word in knock-down and drag-out comedy. They were not always Ivy League animation but they never failed to be funny, and funny animation is hard to come by.

The seven minute film became the beloved stepdaughter of the movie-going family. Her charms brightened every program. Nobody noticed the little old lady hovering in the theater wings. She carried a basket of shiny red apples. Embroidered on her dark hood were the initials 'TV'.

When television was young, it reached in all directions like a hungry octopus for anything it could get its flippers on, to fill empty time slots in its programming — especially on holidays and Saturdays. It found a treasure house of animated cartoons that fitted its needs perfectly.

Animated cartoons on television — for free! The kids loved it! But the movie houses did not. They started cutting cartoons from their programs and the studios that produced them began to tumble like clay pigeons at a trap shooters picnic.

Ub Iwerks stopped producing pictures and rejoined his former partner, Walt Disney. Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera said goodbye to MGM and rented space at the old Charlie Chaplin lot on Sunset Blvd. There they made pictures tailored to fit the bargain-basement prices Television was willing to pay. Their project was a success. Before long Bill and Joe began buying huge chunks of Hollywood real estate and the H and B animation studio became a giant among Hollywood picture makers.

Eventually Walter Lantz and UPA bowed to destiny. Before very long the throaty rumble of Mr. Magoo, the chaotic stuttering of Woody Woodpecker, the esprit of Betty Boop, the sagacious slapstick of Tom and Jerry, the manic wit of Bugs Bunny could be found only on the TV tube. Television became the Radio City Music Hall of middle class America. The portraits of our favorite short subject heroes and heroines vanished from the foyers of the cinema citadels. The good old days were gone. An era had ended.

Walt Disney was the first to recognize the inevitable demise of the short film as part of movie house programming. As early as 1929 Walt had dreamed of the great phenomenon, — a feature length animated cartoon. Now, with the audacity of Jack the giant killer, he herded his talented craftsmen into the green valley where Snow White dwelt with her wicked mother-queen and where a wacky, happy, silly galaxy of dwarfs spent their days mining diamonds and selling them for ten cents apiece while the going price on the Dutch Diamond Mart was $2000.00 a carat. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs would be the first fully animated cartoon feature, ever.

Animation has climbed Mt. Everest. Is it going to retreat to the comfortable haven of the half-hour TV show? Is it drifting on a Sargasso sea waiting for a favorable wind to put it back on course? Or is it waiting for a modern Christopher Columbus with a magic chart that will guide it into a new enchanted port?

Well, ship ahoy! ●

Here is the concluding installment of our conversation with Johnny Hart, the famed creator of 'B.C.' and 'The Wizard of Id', which we began in Issue #48. These features, of course, are distributed by the Field Newspaper Syndicate.

there are three things which are real:
God, human folly and laughter
The first two are beyond our comprehension
so we must do what we can with the third.
John F. Kennedy 1963

MY NAME IS JOHNNY HART.
I DO WHAT I CAN WITH THE THIRD.

Hurd: John, during the first installment of our conversation, in the December issue, I asked you at one point whether you preferred creating gags all by yourself, or if you'd rather work with others. You talked about some of your methods when working alone, but you didn't have a chance to tell our readers about the business of writing gags in collaboration with other gagmen.

Hart: Working alone is fine — I can do that and it's fun — but working with other people is like working with an audience. If I have one person like Jack Caprio, I will bounce an idea off of him and if it cracks him up, I have a reaction. He represents 5000 people in an audience who laugh! Just for a change of pace, several of us who work on ideas for the strips used to hole up occasionally in a local hotel for a day-long gag session. I'd rent a suite for Jack, Brant, Dick Boland and myself and have hors d'oeuvres and a bunch of drinks sent up. The suite at the Sheraton in Binghamton had about six rooms in it — with a living room as big as this boat house we're in now. We'd wander around, pace back and forth, and we'd turn out something like a month's work during our day-long stay! Jack and I might be doing ideas and Brant, who doesn't write gags himself, would say, "How about if you did this . . .?" He never came up with the tag line but he felt the flow of ideas that Jack and I were tossing back and forth, he could picture the drawings that would be called for, he would suggest things to us, and we'd say, "That's *It!*" If he'd been in the movie business, he would have been one of the greatest directors. He has an uncanny knack of being able to do this. These sessions were absolutely beautiful, no matter where we held them — in the studio, in a hotel or wherever. The ideas seem to be better, come quicker, and they're much more positive under the conditions I've just described. We deal with words and maybe one of us would say, "Okay, the tag line is 'So, if you're so great, why didn't you do this?" Then one of the other guys would pitch in with, "We don't need the word 'So' on the front." Then back and forth we'd go. "That's right, we don't need that — take the 'So' out." "We don't need 'why' either." "If you're so great, do this." We'd boil all these gags down — the input is tremendous when you bounce things off each other this way *plus* there's another great advantage. When you say something funny, and it's really funny, you *know* it's funny because everybody reacts. If one of us comes up with a really great tag line, and everybody just falls down, laughing like crazy, this beats the hell out of sitting in a room alone, saying to yourself, 'I'm pretty sure that's good — aah, I know that's good, I'll use it anyway." So the bouncing is the best. There may be some cartoonists who are so egotistical that they say, "I do all the gags myself — I don't work with anybody else." But I'm not one of those guys — I *believe* in working with other people. I believe in testing myself *on* the other people. The final product is what's important, and I want to be sure that the gag is funny.

Hurd: Haven't you said in the past that Sparky Schulz was your inspiration for doing "B.C."?

Hart: That's right. I was in the art department at GE here in town and had been selling magazine cartoons. 'Peanuts' had been running for about eight years nationally, but it hadn't appeared in our local paper until the time I'm speaking of. I found that everything he did was funny — really classy — his stuff was like magazine cartoons in *comic strip form*. This turned me on since I'd never realized you could do things that funny in comic strip form. One night as I was leaving the GE plant, I hollered out, "Well, I'm going home tonight and create a nationally famous comic strip." One of the guys in the outfit was a frustrated gag-writer-cartoonist-type, who had been doing some gags for me, and who knew that I'd submitted many cave-man gags to the magazines. As I

B. C.
by Johnny hart
A FARSIGHTED LAD THEY CALL DOONE
BUILT A 'SHIP' FOR A TRIP TO THE MOON
BUT UNFORTUNATELY THERE ISN'T A SEA.
TWIXT THE MOON AND THE LOON THEY CALL DOONE.
7 21

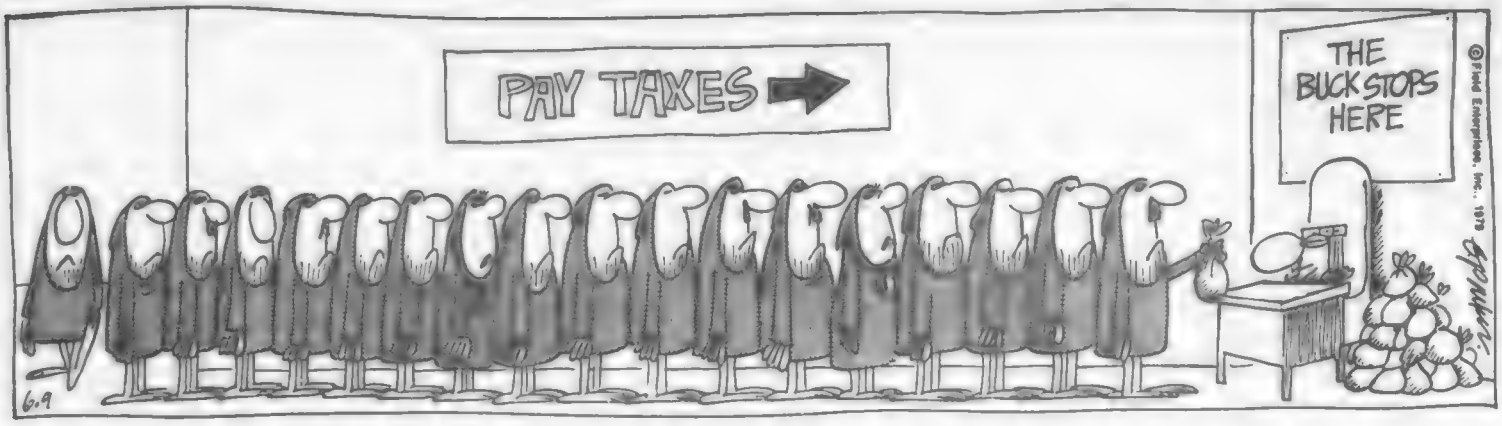
was going out the door, he yelled, 'Why don't you do one on cave men — you can't sell them anyplace else!" He knew that I loved to do caveman gags because they're so stupid and cartoony and simple. I had done all kinds of them but never *sold* one. So I went home, had supper, sat down at the drawing board and created this little triangular character. I think the first gag I did had to do with an egg, and since I didn't know what to call the strip, I first gave it the title 'Suck Egg'. How's that for a scoop! About a month later I had a batch of samples of 'B.C.' which I put together in a little booklet with a spiral binding. I bound them in the booklet so that a syndicate would have to read them in a particular order. I then submitted 'B.C.' to several syndicates before the old N.Y. Herald Tribune Syndicate bought it.

Hurd: How did Jack Caprio and you happen to start working together?

Hart: Jack and I met in the school hallway in the 7th grade. There was this big, wide long hall — he was going one way, I was going in the other direction, we were both wearing corduroys, and each of us was 'wiff-wiff-ing' his way down the hall. As we approached each other, we both stopped, looked at each other and started laughing. We exchanged names at that, shook hands with each other, and we've always been friends since that moment.

Hurd: You've certainly been fortunate in being able to establish a great rapport with the fellows you've worked with over the years. Your folks were an important factor, too, in your development as a cartoonist, weren't they?

Hart: Yes — and by the way, you're getting me to talk about these developments which I've never analyzed in this way before — which is good. Mom and Dad always had a good sense of humor and they were aware of it all the time. I guess it was with this is mind that I chose my friends. In the early part of my life I was really hung-up on sports and wanted to be an athlete. Then I began to meet people like Jack Caprio and discovered that what was really important to me was a sense of humor. Evidently I got that from my mom and dad. They didn't talk like normal people — every thing they said was a funny line. My dad would pull little practical jokes on my mom and they'd both come out with subtle little needling lines all the time. Without realizing it, I must have been pretty good at selecting friends with a really good, nice, clean sense of humor. Jack became my friend, Curly became my friend, Brant became my friend, and there were others, of course, down the line. Each of these people has a particular sense of humor, often somewhat different from the next fellow's. If we all had a really dumb sense of humor —if we all liked dirty jokes for instance — that would be stupid. But as it is, one guy may lean toward the visual type of humor. Jack was always a great story man — he would create stories and act them out, while Curly was always the satirical guy who had the great comments and a tremendous insight into life. So what happened was that I was

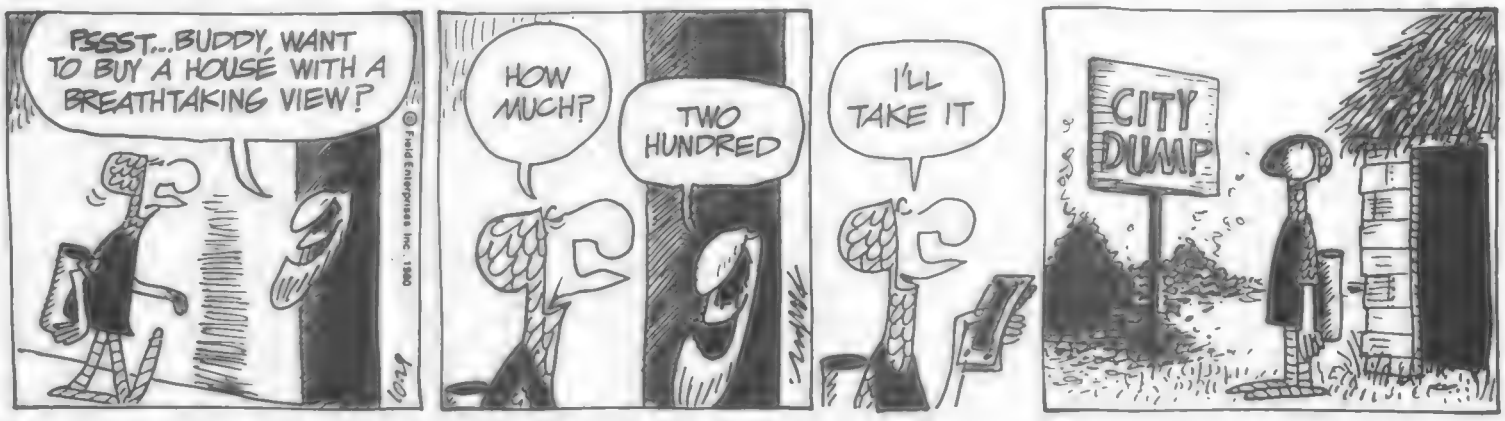


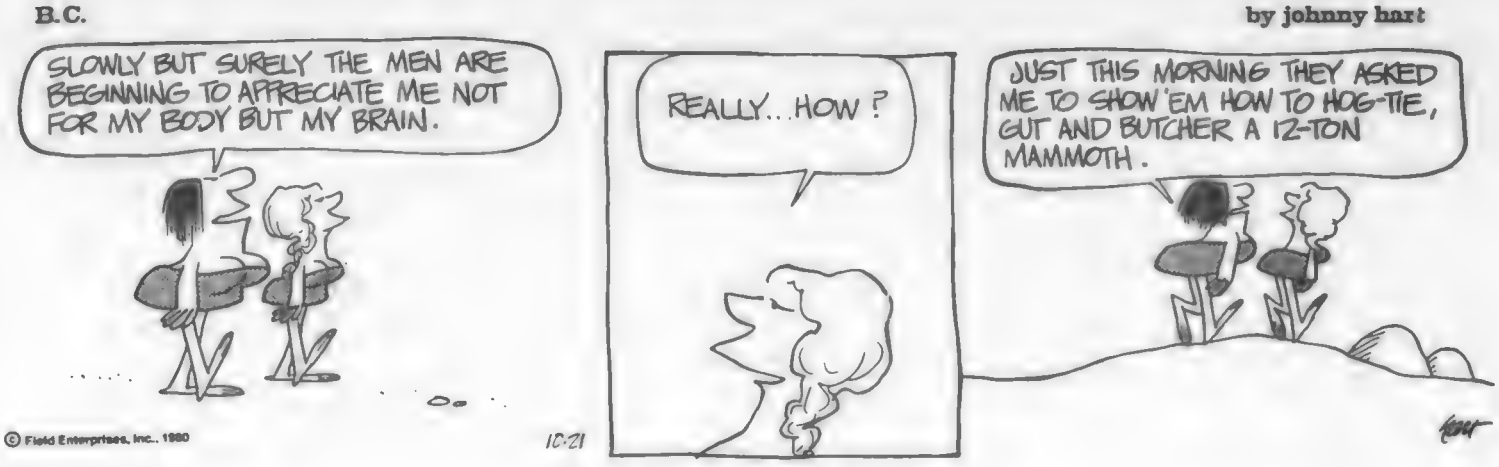
surrounded by friends who formulated a very well rounded sense of humor. Maybe I acted as sort of a catalyst. From each of them I learned, and as I brought them together as friends, they each learned from everybody else. If you have two people you like because you get along well with them, and there are two *other* people you get along well with, you can introduce those four people together, and they're going to like each other because you become the catalyst. Of course if the first two people are dodos and you like them for that, and the other two people are high-class snobs and you like them for that, you're probably not going to bring them together. Or you might bring them together, just for laughs, to see how well they get along.

I guess what brought the groups I was with together was our love of humor. Often of an evening a bunch of us would sit on a three-foot wall in front of a local cemetery — when I think back, I think how dull we were, but how brilliant we were at the same time. We'd sit on the wall and do nothing but make up stories and create gags. And every night for about two years we did that. Then about a hundred steps away was a coffee shop, where we'd sit in a booth, drink coffee, tell jokes and laugh, and these guys were so incredibly creative. We even created our own language so nobody could tell what we were talking about. It was a distortion of words.

Hurd: What do you tell young people who come to you and say they want to be cartoonists?

Hart: I tell them that they have to have *total* desire. This encompasses the fact that they must be able to accept rejection and just keep going. I've never known anybody that couldn't accept rejection who ever made it in our business. These people usually say that the editors are a bunch of fools, they quit trying, and go off and get a job in a garage or someplace else. You have to want cartooning success more than anything. I got rejected and rejected and rejected but kept on going. Rejection should inspire you. Some of the work that young cartoonists send me is really bad but at those times I think back to how bad *my own* work was when I started. I still have some of that stuff in trunks. If I was an editor and somebody sent me these long-ago cartoons of mine, I'd throw them in the garbage! So there's a process you have to go through to get better and better — and it's called 'PRACTICE'. I never tell anybody that


PSSST...BUDDY, WANT TO BUY A HOUSE WITH A BREATHTAKING VIEW?
© Field Enterprises Inc. 1980
HOW MUCH?
TWO HUNDRED
I'LL TAKE IT
CITY DUMP


B.C.
by johnny hart
SLOWLY BUT SURELY THE MEN ARE BEGINNING TO APPRECIATE ME NOT FOR MY BODY BUT MY BRAIN.
REALLY... HOW?
JUST THIS MORNING THEY ASKED ME TO SHOW 'EM HOW TO HOG-TIE, GUT AND BUTCHER A 12-TON MAMMOTH.
© Field Enterprises, Inc., 1980
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his or her work is bad and that they should get out of the business. Sometimes it might be better if I did that, because the young cartoonist might rise up and say, 'Well, I'll show *him*!" I usually tell them the things I've just mentioned — and if they're not willing to abide by these rules, they should forget about cartooning.

When a cartoonist draws a character, he has to believe that this character actually lives and exists. If he believes that, it comes across to readers. They don't think of the character as one-dimensional on a piece of paper — but regard him as multi-dimensional as in real life. When I draw 'B.C.' I don't see him as a bunch of lines — I see him as a many-dimensional character in my own mind. All successful cartoonists know this and believe this. Their funny little lines on a piece of paper are actual people and they actually exist. The reader looks at it and he believes it because you believe it. I found over the years that I don't actually put the words in a character's mouth — *he* puts the words in his mouth. It's almost like I know where I'm going with a character and that character talks to *me*. I may say, "Naw — that's not a good enough line — this is a better line."And so on. All of this sounds really strange but it's true. If you just put down any old line, or a joke, you know the character wouldn't say that. And when a character says something, I give him an expression that makes him look like he's saying those particular lines. These words come out of him because that's the kind of person he is — and he has a personality as far as I'm concerned. He's an actual living, little being. And it's been fun, in my doing the storyboards for this animated special we're working on, to go from the comic page to animation, and to actually prove that these characters are multi-dimensional and that they can turn around and do many things. You have to think of them as actual people. If you're just trying to make some money by putting a few lines on paper, you might get six newspapers but the public will see through you. Either the characters live or they don't. When I look at the comics, there are certain ones that are real to me, and others that are not. When I'm drawing characters, I think about what they're doing and saying, and somehow the 'thick and thins' of my lines give the characters an extra dimension. Your mind has to be fully involved with what you're doing at the time you're doing it. ●

B.C.
by johnny hart
I'VE INVENTED A GREAT NEW DOG FOOD.
PETER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY
WHAT KIND OF CAMPAIGN DO YOU SUGGEST?
DO YOU HAVE AN ADVERTISING BUDGET?
PETER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY
WHAT'LL 10 CLAMS GET ME?
A BUMPER STICKER GLUED ON THE FAT BROAD.
PETER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY
© Field Enterprises, Inc., 1980
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Larry Wright

KIT 'N' CARLYLE™

KIT 'N' CARLYLE ™ by Larry Wright

CARLYLE! YOU CAN'T EAT THAT ROAST I'M THAWING FOR DINNER!
I KNOW. I WISH YOU'D CUT IT INTO SMALLER PIECES.
LARRY WRIGHT 1-9 © 1981 by NEA, Inc.

KIT 'N' CARLYLE ™ by Larry Wright

By BOB DRAKE
The Detroit News

"I started drawing cartoons when I was ten-years-old," said Detroit News syndicated cartoonist Larry Wright. "I used to draw my own comic books and circulate them among my friends . . . they were the kids who'd read them and wouldn't laugh."

Fortunately for Larry, he doesn't have to depend only on his friends now to make a living. His "Wright Angles" cartoon strip appears six days a week for The Detroit News and runs full color on Sunday, while also appearing in over 100 other newspapers across the country. Larry is also called upon frequently to do editorial cartoons for The News.

Wright was born in Youngstown, Ohio and moved to Detroit in 1943 when his father, a crime reporter for the *Youngstown Vindicator*, took a job at the now-defunct *Detroit Times*. It was while Wright was attending Allen Park H.S. that he had his first cartoon published.

"The Times used to run the weather report on page one," recalled Wright. "And I did the little cartoons of what they called their 'weather dogs' that appeared with the forecasts. If it was going to rain, I'd draw a little dog with an umbrella, or I'd have it sniffing around a fire hydrant . . . No, you better not print that."

When Wright wasn't "working for The Times" (he never got paid for his weather cartoons) he was honing his cartooning skills at his high school newspaper. Once, one of his cartoons was banned by the Allen Park school board. It was a continuing strip about a gang led by a "10-year-old Al Capone-type." The school board claimed there was too much violence in the strip and wanted it removed. Wright wrote an editorial about his censorship (and got some much-needed editing assistance from his father) and gave it to his journalism instructor to print in the next issue. As it turned out, that issue of the school paper was seized before the rest of the school saw it.

"I had to go before the school superintendent," Wright laughed. "He told me freedom of the press was a good idea, but that in school it was an idea to be studied and not practiced. I wouldn't say I learned a whole lot in high school. My schedule was a real joke—art, auto shop, practical English (for guys who had been kicked out of other English classes), family living and study hall. I always knew I wanted to be a cartoonist, so I thought that high school was just a waste of time. I was practicing the smart-ass style of journalism. But I lost a lot of leverage with my own kids recently after they saw my high school report card."

After failing to get a scholarship to college, and breaking up with his high school sweetheart, Wright decided to "chuck the whole thing and join the army."

Wright studied Chinese at the Army Language School in Monterey, California. "It was the first time in my life I actually studied anything," said Wright. He was subsequently sent to Okinawa as an interpreter. While he was there he began drawing for the *Okinawa Morning Star*, a civilian English-language daily newspaper. "My strip was called 'Uncle Milton' and it was the first comic feature I ever got money for on a regular basis," said Wright. "But I got into trouble with that one, too. It seemed the base commander didn't like me doing a

KIT 'N' CARLYLE ™ by Larry Wright

YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE A WATCHDOG, KIT. WHAT CAN A CAT DO IF A BURGLAR BREAKS IN?
SCARE HIM OFF WITH CUTENESS.
© 1981 by NEA, Inc.
1-2 LARRY WRIGHT

KIT 'N' CARLYLE ™ by Larry Wright

LOOK HERE, CARLYLE, I BOUGHT YOU YOUR FIRST FLEA COLLAR.
OH GOODY. MY FLEA ASKED ME TO GET HIM ONE.
© 1981 by NEA, Inc.
1-7
LARRY WRIGHT

series on the Bay of Pigs invasion fiasco. He reminded me that I was up for a sergeant's stripe and he'd like to see me get it, but I had to stop the strip about the Bay of Pigs stuff. The base commander was a lt. colonel, but my editor's friend was a full colonel. Through a series of strange events, I was able to continue my strip, essentially unchanged. That was my first experience with the power of the press."

After Wright was discharged from the army (with sergeant's stripe!), he remained in Okinawa to become the night editor of the *Morning Star*, as well as doing a daily strip, a Sunday editorial cartoon and occasionally doing ad layouts. "I was doing everything for that paper but delivering it," said Larry.

In 1962, Larry married a Japanese woman named Naoko. "She was the main reason I stayed in Okinawa," said Larry. "I was attached to an intelligence unit (Army Security Agency) and I couldn't get married or they'd yank my security and I'd wind up spending my remaining time in the army as a cook." Later that same year the Wrights had a daughter, Sheryl, and a year after that, 1963, they had a son, Robert.

Larry and his family remained in Okinawa until 1965, when they packed up and moved to Detroit. The Detroit Times had folded by then and Wright's father was an editor for the Mellus newspaper chain headquartered in Lincoln Park.

"I tried to get a job in Detroit as an artist, but things didn't work out," said Wright. "Then I went to New York to interview as a staff artist for the Associated Press, but decided against it later when I found out all I'd be doing is graphs and charts and maybe an illustration once in a while."

After two weeks pounding the pavement without work, Wright called Derrick Danials, then assistant managing editor for the Detroit Free Press, who found him a job as a copyreader. Wright did that for the next three years, having virtually abandoned his dream of becoming a full-time cartoonist.

Then in 1967, there was an eight-month newspaper strike affecting both The News and Free Press. During that time Wright went to work for one of the strike papers, *Detroit Daily Express* and resurrected his old 'Uncle Milton' comic strip from the *Okinawa Star*. When the *Express* folded, Wright developed a news cartoon for a weekly magazine, *The Weekender*, which only lasted for one issue. But the material developed for that publication was incorporated into a strip Wright did for another weekly magazine, *Scope*. The magazine was published by former Detroit newsman and TV personality Lou Gordon and Wright called his strip "Needlescope." When the newspaper strike ended and Wright returned to the Free Press he was told he would have to quit doing the "Needlescope" strip. Wright told the Free Press that the only way he would quit doing his weekly comic strip was if the Free Press published it, which they finally agreed to do.

The strip started in the Free Press in August 1968, was renamed "Wright Angles", and began as a six to eight panel strip with no continuing characters. It was later expanded to run three times a week as a four-panel strip and later run five days a week. Wright didn't introduce the main recurring characters until 1974. They include Tom Kane, who works for Mayor Orwell Twit, Tom's wife Nancy, the Kane Kids, Joey and Sharon, and their young friends Toady Fester and Judy. Wright's strip revolved around the Kane family, Tom's work with the mayor and all the problems of raising a family in the 70s. The only character not in the strip then was Motley the Cat.

In 1976 Burt Stoddard, then managing editor of The Detroit News, asked Larry to lunch and asked him if he would like to end his career as an assistant news editor and join The News as a full-time cartoonist. Larry, realizing his lifelong ambition was just three blocks down the street, jumped at the offer and began working for The News in July, 1976. (Wright was later heard to remark that the real reason he came to The News wasn't because of the cartoonist job offer as much as he would have his own parking space in The News garage—he had been street parking at the Free Press.) One month later, Wright signed a contract for national syndication of "Wright Angles" through United Feature Syndicate.

Wright introduced Motley the Cat into "Wright Angles" in March of 1977. "I had always wanted to bring a cat into the strip, since our family had had cats since the kids were born," said Wright. "But I couldn't draw one. I never considered myself a very good artist, so I kept asking artist friends of mine for suggestions on drawing cats. I finally said 'hell with it' and practiced drawing the cat as I introduced him into the strip."

Since introducing Motley, the cat has become the best recognized and most popular character in the strip. 95% of Wright's mail is about Motley.

It was because of Motley's tremendous audience appeal that Roberta "Bobby" Miller, managing editor of United Feature Syndicate, asked Wright to take Motley out of "Wright Angles" and give him his own strip. Wright resisted the idea at first because he felt it would destroy "Wright Angles" popularity. But later that same day, The News' assistant managing editor Ben Burns suggested that Wright bring a "cousin of Motley" into his "Wright Angles" strip and then split that cat off into his own strip. "The more I thought about it, the more I liked the idea of doing a different cat strip," said Wright, "Since all cats have different and distinct personalities, it was going to be a lot of fun developing a new cat character."

Following his conversation with Burns, Wright went back to his office to create a cat character for his new strip. Within a couple of hours he came up with the idea of a kitten who lives with a single working girl in a big-city apartment. The kitten spends a lot of time alone in the apartment while the girl is at work. "There are thousands of working women who leave their cats at home during the day while they are at work and I thought that would provide a good background for more and more strip ideas," said Wright.

Wright called Bobby Miller back that same day and read the outline of the strip to her. She liked the idea and told Larry to go ahead and produce some roughs and send them to her. The syndicate loved the new strip and recently Wright signed a contract with Newspaper Enterprise Association to begin the strip December 1, 1980 (both of Wright's syndicates, United Feature Syndicate and Newspaper Enterprise Association, are part of the United Media Enterprises Inc.)

The title of the new strip is "Kit 'N Carlyle," which was finally approved by the syndicate on the third try. The first title was "Wimpy", but the syndicate felt that there would be copyright problems with the Popeye cartoon character with the same name who is always eating hamburgers.

Then the name was "Skosh", which is Japanese for "a little bit." Again, the syndicate felt that although the name was cute, nobody would know what it meant. It was someone at the syndicate who suggested a variation on the name of actress Kitty Carlisle. "I like the name Carlyle for a cat," said Wright, "And we thought we could use it by changing the spelling in the title a little and it turned out O.K. Plans are at the moment to keep the cat as a kitten, but if I get tired of that, I can always let the little fella grow up."

"Kit 'N Carlyle will be a single panel, six-day-a-week feature comic. The ideas for the new strip generated from Larry's many years of watching cats and their behavior. It's from his experience with cats that Wright believes that cat-lovers are much more fanatical about their pets than dog-lovers—and he's got plenty of examples to prove it.

Like the letter Larry got from a woman after he did a cartoon showing Motley eating the first Robin of Spring. The letter went: "No, it wasn't a robin, Mr. Wright. It was our pet pigeon. How dare you draw a comic strip that's so grotesque as this one." People send Larry pictures of their cats. There have been Motley look-alike contests, T-shirts and awards. One cat-owner even asked Larry to do a wallet-size picture of Motley that she could show to her friends when they started showing pictures of their grandchildren. She wanted to show them a picture of her "kid", too, who she claimed looked like Motley.

One question Wright is frequently asked is: "How do you come up with the terrific ideas every day for your cartoons?"

"I can honestly tell you I don't know," said Wright modestly. "You go to cocktail parties and you dread them because you know somebody is going to ask that question. I used to tell people I stole the ideas, but then at another cocktail party two weeks later I would hear 'Hey, Larry, I hear you steal all your cartoon ideas from somebody else. Is that true?' Trying to describe how I get my ideas for a strip is hard. It's something you're afraid to sit down and analyze because you're afraid as soon as you start to do that, the ideas will dry up. If things just aren't coming along as I'd like them to, I'll sit down and smoke my pipe for a while. After 20 years in this business, I don't worry about it anymore. I know the ideas are going to come."

Larry's cartoon deadlines are quite hectic. He must have his "Wright Angles" strip done seven weeks ahead of the date they run in the paper, and 13 weeks ahead of time for the Sunday color comic section. For the new "Kit 'N Carlyle" strip, he must work 10 weeks ahead of schedule. And for any editorial cartoons he's asked to do, it's usually the day before they run in the paper.

As far as Wright's editorial cartoons go, he's his own man. He doesn't have to consult with the Editorial Page Director before he does a cartoon.

"I'm smart enough to know what I can get away with," says Wright with a grin. "You determine what the limits are that you have to work within and proceed from there. There's plenty of material you can do that won't offend the editor."

When Larry's not cartooning, he enjoys spending time with his family and playing softball. He's coached The Detroit News' women's softball team to an undefeated championship season. He helped organize a pick-up game of softball on Sundays with News employees and he played on The News' men's editorial softball team. Asked why he was always the pitcher on the teams he played for Larry responded: "Because I'm too old to do anything else."

Wright also enjoys model trains as a hobby (HO-gauge), and has quite an elaborate set-up in his basement. "I drive the family crazy on vacations by stopping by old train stations and walking down the old tracks. My grandfather was an engineer for the Pennsylvania railroad."

Larry's a member of the National Cartoonists Society, and the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists.

He's particularly proud of two things: "I've never been arrested and I'm proud of my kids. They're also smarter than I am." ●

KIT 'N' CARLYLE ™
by Larry Wright
ARE YOU TAKING A NAP AGAIN, CARLYLE? WHY DO KITTENS SLEEP SO MUCH?
BEING CUTE ALL THE TIME TAKES A LOT OUT OF YOU.
© 1981 by NEA, Inc
LARRY WRIGHT 1-30

KIT 'N' CARLYLE ™
by Larry Wright
C'MON, CARLYLE, EAT! THESE LEFTOVERS ARE TERRIFIC.
IF THEY'RE SO TERRIFIC, HOW COME THEY'RE LEFT OVER?
LARRY WRIGHT 1-31 © 1981 by NEA, Inc

SAID & DUNN

by Bob Dunn

Sam Fuller is a top film-maker right now. His hit movie "The Big Red One," is cleaning up at the box office. Lee Marvin plays an old pro sergeant in the epic which Fuller lived, wrote, produced, directed and press-agented. Sammy won World War Two, too.

But it's not of *that* Fuller I sing. This is about Sammy Fuller's older brother Ving, a cartoonist of the 20's through the 1930's.

I met Ving Fuller about 1934 when he was doing a feature, the title of which I didn't like: "It Is To Laugh!" I thought it was even cumbersome when Shakespeare wrote it.

I asked Ving where his nickname came from, as I had never seen or heard that name before. He told me it was short for "Irving!"

Way back then he told me about his brother Sammy who was just trying to get going as a movie writer.

Ving was hard-working, drawing gag panels, strips, comic illustrations and ghosting some of the established features.

Ving was a "claimer". When the Gumps became a continuity strip and made a big hit, Vingo claimed he had introduced continuity in a strip much earlier.

When Jimmy Hatlo put the "Thanx To" in "They'll Do It Every Time," Ving mentioned to anybody within earscope that he had thanked his landlord in a cartoon, way back in a real estate brochure.

When Chic Young scored big with his homey, married life gags, Ving told of how an early strip of his (which never got off the ground) was "Love, Humor and Oh, Boy!" (No, I had never heard of it either.)

In his later years "Vinegar" became a little further out. Jack Lait had given him assignments when Lait was boss of King Features and the Mirror.

When King Features rejected one of Fuller's many strip submissions, Ving got even with them. He tried syndicating his own feature. He called his enterprise "Ving Features Syndicate!

Shortly thereafter, he had to use another name for his business, Combine Viz: Ace Features, which inspired Eric Ericson, a good gag man to say, "Ving Fuller has more syndicates than papers!"

* * * * * *

Bugs Baer was the successful son in his family. George McManus had two brothers in the cartoon biz but George was the one who made it big with "Jiggs and Maggie."

Bugs summed it up "Everybody's got a brother."

The immortal Tad Dorgan had two brothers — Dick and Ike. Dick was a cartoonist who drew a little bit like Tad — but not much. He did illustrate Ring Lardner's "You Know Me, Al." Ike (I don't know his true name, Tad nicknamed him 'Ike') was a press agent for Tex Rickard's fight promotions.

Does any reader know if any Tad relatives are alive? Did Dick or Ike Dorgan have sons or daughters? If anyone knows, would they please get in touch? Thanks, very!

Walter Berndt, the Great Reuben winning creator of "Smitty" had a very successful yacht-broker brother.

Will B. Johnstone, who created "The Man In The Barrell" character representing the poor tax-payer, had a great brother, Tom, who had been a cartoon editor, a song-writer and founder of Johnstone, Cushing Advertising Agency, specializing in cartoon strip illustration. Some of the great cartoonists Tom paid big dough to were Darrell McClure, Milt Gross, Rube Goldberg, Jay Irving, Joe King, Ray McGill and a young war veteran, destined later to launch the million dollar block-busting strip "Hagar The Horrible," the real life Hagar, "Dynamite Dik (no c) Browne.

When Will B. and Tom Johnstone were on the Morning World, they tried their hand at playwriting. They called their joint effort "I'll Say She Is." A producer, Joe Gates, agreed to put it on. Tom was also assistant to the producer. Among the many jobs that title included was to help cast the show.

Tom was walking past the Palace Theatre in New York, where all the unemployed vaudeville actors hung out. One young fellow was sitting on the fire hydrant. Tom recognized him as one of the cast of an act he had seen and liked. The hydrant sitter was Harpo Marx. Tom introduced himself and started the ball rolling that culminated in the Marx Bros. signing for their first Broadway show.

The show was a hit and Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo were Broadway stars who later were lured to Hollywood and made about a dozen movies, all of them among the biggest grossers ever screened.

I got to know Will Johnstone. He lived near me in Jersey. He took me in to

Life Magazine in 1931 when it was a humor magazine. He introduced me to Editor Whitney Bolton who bought a cartoon of mine. It was an Indian Brave and a young squaw getting married as her father holds bow and arrow at groom's back. Caption: "Bow and Arrow Wedding."

Will B. took me to lunch with the four Marx Bros. at Dinty Moore's. I sat between Chico and Zeppo. Chico was very staid and serious. What little talking he did was about playing the horses.

The reason for the get-together was that the brothers were going to open that night in an act written by Johnstone.

It was apparent at the luncheon that Groucho was the brains, the leader, the worrier, the quarterback of the troupe.

The Act "Napoleon and Josephine" was to break in at the Colonial Movie and Presentation House, Union City, N.J. that night.

After lunch we walked down Broadway. Groucho pointed to the Silver Rod Drugstore across the street. "I just invested in Silver Rod. Where do you buy your rubbers? Who takes cinders out of your eye?"

He was warming up getting into the character I knew from the movies.

We walked to the New Amsterdam Theatre which was dark. Somebody at the theatre was expecting us. We were let in and taken to the big smoking room downstairs where the run-thru was to take place.

The Marx Bros. sat around a big table in the center of the room. I took a chair and sat against the wall facing Groucho's back.

Lotta Miles, a beautiful actress who had been in Marx Bros. shows before was playing Josephine. The name "Lotta Miles" came from her having been the girl in the Kelly-Springfield tire ads.

The rehearsal began with the cast reading their parts from their scripts. The scene of the skit was Josephine's boudoir. They read and talked. "Now I get under the bed and Chico is there."

Then Zeppo spoke: "I'm trying to see Josephine. I tap on the door (he tapped on the table).

Chico in a hoarse voice reads his line: "Knocks!" and Groucho takes it from there: "Knocks to you!"

I let out a belly laugh. The line was so wild it killed me.

Groucho turned around saying "I'm playing the rest of it to this guy!"

We all went by car to the Union City Theatre where a sign proclaimed: "Special Stage Preview Tonight."

I got a kick out of being backstage. Groucho was doing the dependable brother routine.

I heard him ask Harpo, "Have you got your harp?"

And easy-going Harpo said "Naw, the hell with it! I'll play the piano."

That, I was anxious to see and hear.

The audience was happily surprised when the Marx Bros. were announced. The act went exceedingly well. They had played it many times before. This was a new production with new gags and pieces of business.

Chico played piano in his tricky, well known individual style. Boffo!

Then came the business of Groucho putting on his boots sitting on a couch with Harpo underneath so that the boots wind up on Harpo's feet.

That scene was so good it was included in the Marx Bros. movie hit, "Monkey Business" written by Will B. Johnstone and Sid Perelman.

But back to Union City. It was time for Harpo's specialty. I expected him to copy Chico's technique. But no, he started by plucking a few strings inside the baby grand then played the keyboard while holding two bananas.

He wowed me. And to think he did it because it was too much trouble to haul his harp.

* * * * * *

Chic Young, creator of Blondie, was most certainly read by more people than any cartoonist who ever lived. His work was first published in 1919, and has never been out of the paper right up to the present when it is appearing in 1800 newspapers throughout the world. For over sixty years a Chic Young strip and Sunday page have been entertaining billions of readers of all ages.

Since Chic's death in 1973, Blondie is being produced by Dean Young, Chic's son, whose wonderful gags would make his dad proud and Jim Raymond, a master pen and ink artist who had worked with Chic.

Chic's older brother, Lyman Young created Tim Tyler's Luck, one of the first well drawn adventure strips, and it's still going strong. Lyman's strip was made into a very big movie serial about 1956.

Now back to Jim Raymond . . . for a double spin-off. His older brother was the fabulous Alex Raymond whose 'Flash Gordon' was a high point in illustrative cartoon color pages. Now about the double spin-off. Alex Raymond had worked for Lyman Young on Tim Tyler in the early 30's.

Come to think of it, all the Raymond brothers and one beautiful sister were very good artists. But Alex and Jim had that little bit of extra drive.

Just thought of two other famous cartooners who had brothers, namely Harry Hershfield whose "Able the Agent" really was a forerunner of Jewish humor. Harry had a brother, Henry who was a brilliant medical doctor in Chicago. (But could he draw? *No!*)

The other all time cartoon great was Charles Kahles whose brain and pen child was the immortal "Hairbreadth Harry."

Wow! was he prolific. Clark Kinnaird, a King Feature editor and a connoisseur of the legendary comic features, sends me clips of Kahles magazine cartoons from Judge, Life, Punch and many other publications. Each cartoon was so well drawn, with so much detail and intricate perspectives that his work output is staggering by today's standards.

Charles Kahles had a quiet brother, Fred, whom I got to know. He was an artist with King Features for many years. I'm sorry now I didn't ask him all about his brother, cheerful Charlie.

Which reminds me . . . I know Charles Kahles' lovely daughter and son-in-law. I call her "Belinda" from the heroine in Hairbreadth. I must get Belinda to tell me if Pop worked fast. Did he ever have an assistant? Who were his pals? Was he a good businessman? Did he ever paint?

And as Rudolph Razzendale would say, interviewingly speaking, "*Belinda Shall Be Mine!*"

The article was finished right here when Al Capp and brother Elliott came to mind. Two more successful cartoon tycoons never lived. Elliott is to comic strip writing what Neil Simon is to playwriting.

And we've saved two young wunderkinds for last . . . Si and Dan Barry. Si draws 'Flash Gordon' and Dan draws 'The Phantom', fine, exceptional artists . . .

Wouldn't you know it . . . more brothers keep enlarging the article. But these four are definitely the end.

I refer to four brothers who came over from Russia and before you could say "John Francis Aloysius P. Rasputin, Jr., Esq. the III" became outstanding in the magazine gag field.

The four brothers used different names signing their work. They were Roth, Ross, Roir and Salo.

In this toughest end of the cartoon trade they became standouts. Between them they sold tons of panels every year to every market there was.

Good guys! They were the Marx Bros. of the magazine gag world.

The End. Finis. That's It!

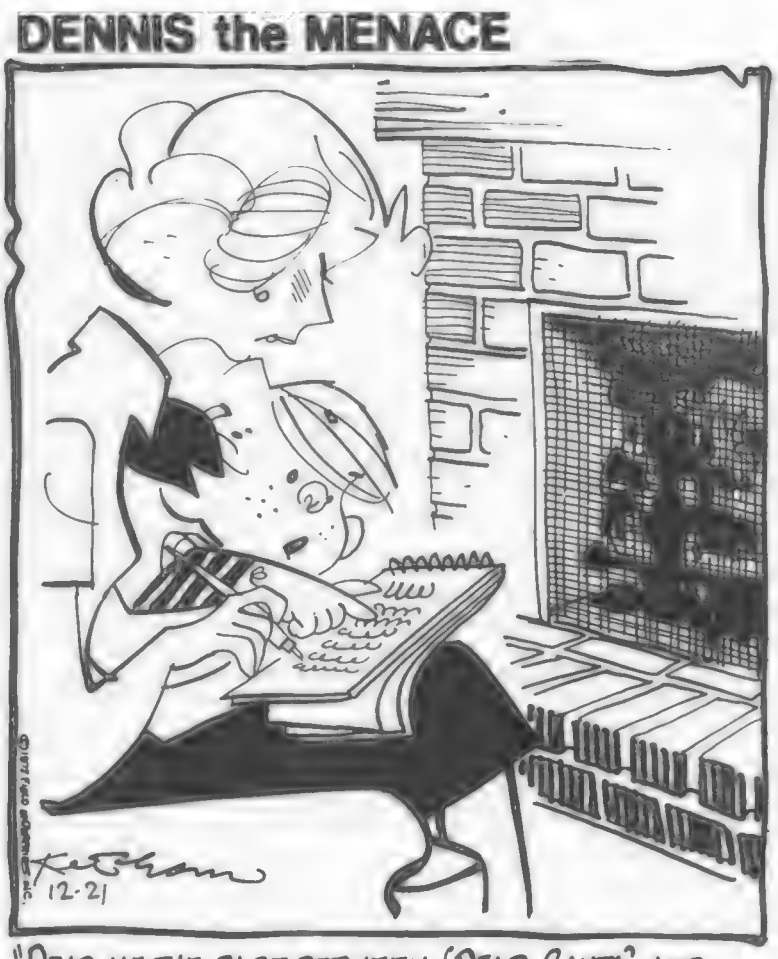
Hank Ketcham

With the 30th Birthday of Hank Ketcham's famed 'Dennis the Menace' panel being celebrated this March, we got on the phone with Hank, and asked him to reminisce about the past and the present. Following are some of the things he talked about that day.

Jud, when you asked me to give you some thoughts on 'Dennis The Menace', I was reminded that it was exactly 30 years ago that I created him—right here not far from where I am today, in Carmel, California. Recently I got a note from Mort Walker, telling me about the birthday celebration for Beetle's 30th, which means that Beetle and Dennis are the same age—both kids I guess. So there are still a few survivors from the old magazine days—a bunch of us who would be around every Wednesday on Madison Avenue, going to see Gurney Williams at Colliers, Marione at The Saturday Evening Post, Lawrence Lariar at Liberty, dropping stuff off at The New Yorker as a ritual and so on. Kirk Stiles and Ed Nofziger were among those going around, as well as Chuck Saxon, Mort, Stan Hunt and others.

Looking back at my old stuff that people paid money for makes me shudder. If I got samples from youngsters like that, I'd tell them to go back to school to learn to draw and get some more experience. I guess what I *didn't* do was to use the eraser, or use it often enough. *Now* I find that my drawing board is full of eraser crumblings for every drawing that I put out. I certainly didn't use the eraser in the old days! I was doing a lot of experimenting then, too, working with all kinds of different techniques, being inspired first by one, then another. Noel Sickles was a big inspiration to a lot of us. I remember that Bud would come over to my place when I was living in Connecticut, give me encouragement, and suggest that I improvise and experiment with the pen, turn it over and draw on the back side, try to break it and see how far I could stress it. He opened my eyes to many little things that were very helpful, and certainly stimulating at the time. I think most young people coming up do look to the older cartoonists for some sort of guidance, and if they're fortunate enough to meet them, they are probably throwing the same kinds of questions at them that I did when I was their age, wondering what kind of paper they use, what tools and so on.

I used to like to hang around with my colleagues and chew the fat and talk shop. Now, even though I live in sort of a colony of artists and cartoonists—with Eldon Dedini and Gus Arriola as two of the very heavyweight types—we don't talk shop, even though we're good friends. I guess by the time we get through the day, we're kind of tired of *thinking* shop, and don't seem to want to talk it any further. And I've found that, as time goes by, and as my responsibil-



"READ ME THE PART BETWEEN 'DEAR SANTA' AND 'VERY TRULY YOURS' AGAIN...I MIGHTA FORGOT SOMETHIN'."

"THAT'S *TWO TREES IN A ROW* YOU HIT, DAD! YOU'RE GETTIN' BETTER 'N *BETTER*!"

ities seem to broaden, I spend more time in the studio and less time in the outer world. I've become a hermit of sorts, and I think it's a trap that most of us fall into, so we become sort of hidden away as it were, and our social life is at a minimum. I don't know whether that indicates that we like to associate with the people we manufacture from ink better than the ones who are running around in flesh and blood. We can always erase them, of course, if we don't get along with them. It's just that we enjoy what we're doing, and if we do have deadlines, we want to meet them, and there's a certain amount of research work to be done.

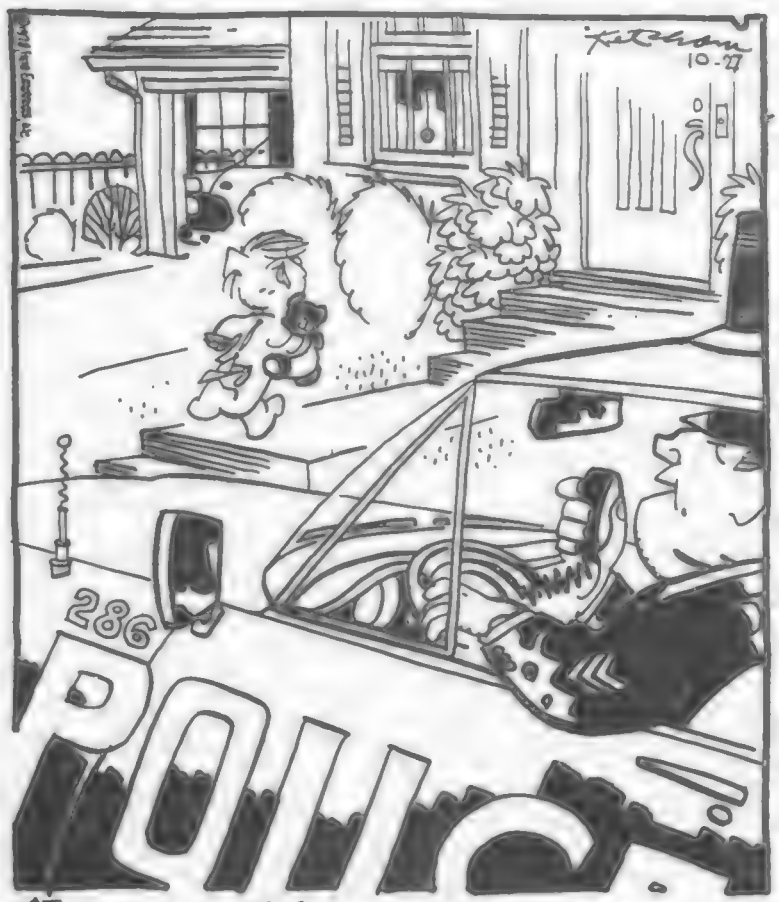
We can jolly well find enough to do to put in an 8-hour day, and that's why I like to have my working place as comfortable as I can with all the necessary gadgets like music machines, a fireplace, a rug and a coffee machine, pretty pictures, and camera gear. It's kind of fun to sit up here, put on the thinking cap, do some reading, as well as the drawing.

I have a couple of youngsters—Scott 3½, and Dania, almost 8—and they come up here once in a while and invade the place for my bowl of candy which I keep here on the coffee table. And of course they like to look at all the comic magazines, play with the guitar, blow the bugle, and generally raise hell. They have about 30 seconds before I blow my stack and whisk them out of here. Actually they're pretty good and I'm not bugged too much by them. They know that this is daddy's workshop, and it's best to leave him alone—otherwise smoke and fire comes bellowing out of his mouth.

Going back to cartooning for a moment, I'm delighted that CARTOONIST PROfiles has become kind of a textbook for the educational community. It certainly deserves it—you've put in a lot of hours, hard work and good thinking in getting it launched and I'm pleased that it's doing so well.

DENNIS the MENACE

"WHY CAN'T YA JUST SHAKE HANDS AND MAKE UP?"



"THE SUSPECT *WAS* IN CUSTODY... BUT HE HAD TO GO TO THE BATHROOM, SO WE LET HIM GO."

One of the nice things about being a cartoonist (with the exception of the political cartoonist who is usually with a paper in a particular city) is that we can pretty much move to any spot that we choose. (As long as there is an airplane nearby to take our drawings to the marketplace.) I guess I figured that out many years ago when I moved to Europe and subsequently stayed there for 18 years. It worked beautifully too—I had a lovely penthouse studio overlooking Lake Geneva, with an international airline 10 minutes from the front door, and excellent telephone and cable connections. I never missed a deadline and everything worked beautifully. If the dollar hadn't weakened so badly and the franc hadn't remained so strong, I might still have been there. But it got to be so darned expensive, and the kids were getting to an age where I wanted them to get to know their own country a little bit. Dania spoke French fluently when she came here, but now she pretends not to know a word of it because naturally her peers only speak English. I guess we'll have to send them back for a couple of years of high school or college. But the move back to the U.S. has actually been beneficial to me. Of course it's been a culture-shock too. When I first came back, everything seemed to me to be so *inexpensive* and so reasonable, and yet everyone around me was complaining about how terribly expensive it was. But of course I'd been dealing with the Swiss franc. Now I've been back long enough to realize that yes it is bloody expensive. So I just have to pedal faster and charge more I guess. Being here and being exposed to TV on a regular basis made me much more aware of the American scene, and a little bit more current on favorite words and expressions that are being used. And the general conveniences are so superior to anything that you have abroad, that it's a real treat to be in America again. I'm very pleased and my whole family is of course just as enthusiastic—especially since we're living out here on the Monterey Peninsula, where there are no extremes in weather, and where there are gorgeous sights and smells, and no pollution. There's a golf course about every 300 yards, so it's really 'la creme de la creme!'

As far as the feature is concerned, I've had a bunch of writers working with me for years. I sit as an editor here and collect that material which I think will work best. One man gets to the bottom of the barrel in a hurry and starts recycling a lot of things. But if you have a half a dozen people all thinking about your product, then you get a nice spectrum of ideas. I'm sure people realize that Bob Hope doesn't come up with his own ideas all the time. My main writer is a man on my staff. Each of the 6 submits ideas to him and then he refines the submissions and sends them on to me.

Dennis keeps going right along—he seems to wind up at the top of most of the readership polls, which is encouraging. We're preparing a musical comedy for Broadway featuring Dennis and we have a talented group of colleagues. Joe Raposo, who was musical director of 'Sesame Street', is the composer, and Hal David, the new president of ASCAP, and former collaborator with Bert Bacharach has written some beautiful tunes ("Raindrops Keep Falling On Your Head" and "Show Me The Way to San Jose").

I'm writing a lot of the rough structure of the book but we really haven't zeroed in on a writer yet. I would hope now that we'd get the musical on the boards in the fall and it would be a 30th anniversary present to Dennis' poor old dad. We have all the finances worked out so that green lights are flashing. Considering the success of 'Annie', I think 'Dennis' should have an enormous success because of the added humor that will be there. But this musical comedy stuff is really an awesome challenge—you don't realize it until you get into it. So it's a new adventure for old Henry and I'm licking my chops.

One of the things that I'd like to see develop is a couple of youngsters who might be serious about drawing 'Dennis' and taking over some of the responsibilities here. That means I'd have to go into a big training program with them, making them equipped to do the job. I can't go on doing the strip forever and there are a few other things I'd like to do beside 'Dennis'—after all I have put in my years with him and I think I could train someone to interpret him successfully.

So, Jud, if you have your ear to the ground, you might pass the word and ask likely people to drop me a note at P.O. Box 800, Pebble Beach, California 93953 with some samples of work. As you know, we have a

"I KNOW WHERE WE CAN CATCH A COUPLE OF SWELL HAMBURGERS."

"SHE FORGETS I BEEN *LOOKIN'* FOR COOKIES JUST AS LONG AS SHE'S BEEN *HIDIN'* THEM!"

successful comic book operation which has been going for about 25 years. Fred Toole has been writing those and Bill Williams has been doing the drawings. We've just signed a new arrangement with the Marvel Comics Group and I know we'll be needing some extra help in that direction. Bob Bugg, who does a valiant job on the Sunday page, and who is a neighbor of yours in Connecticut, doesn't need any help now but one of these days he might want to lay his brush down, in deference to some other chores, so I'd like to have someone at the ready for the Sunday page. So you could be a great deal of help to me, Jud, if you would look over the field with your practiced eye, and perhaps nudge one or two potential candidates. It could be a young lady for that matter—I wonder still why there haven't been more girls *and* minorities in this business. It's a perfect set-up—no muscle needed and the field is wide open! They don't have to play golf—that's not a prerequisite although we have plenty of athletic facilities in the area. Actually when they get under my thumb they won't have too much time for fun and games until they get their wheels on the track so that they're producing something.

I suppose readers are interested in how a cartoonist spends his day. I built my studio above my double garage which is about 30 yards away from the back door. It has a cathedral ceiling—like a barn really with exposed beams—with cork and wooden walls, with a big fireplace, a bathroom, a Xerox machine, and a paper cutter—something I've always wanted since I was in the second grade. I'm up here at 8:30 A.M., or before, every morning, at which time my secretary, Dottie, arrives. She stays until 12:30, during which time we get a lot of letter writing, filing, phone answering, and bill paying done. Then I go down to the house and fix a salad or a sandwich and a glass of milk and then come up here to do a little reading. I pretty much have the afternoon to myself to get into my drawing—my roughs or my finishes. Every once in a while I do take the afternoon off and go out and whack the golf ball at Cypress Point or Pebble Beach. I follow this schedule during the week, and sometimes also on Saturday, depending on the pressure. And yet people still wonder how a little 5-year-old kid keeps a grown man busy every day of the week for 8 hours! I don't know either but he *does* and I'm still smiling . . . He's fun to be with and I enjoy him. But, as I've said, there are a lot of other things I'd like to start getting my teeth into, and getting a couple of assistants and setting up a cartoon school out here will be an awe-inspiring, time-consuming chore. I'm game if I can find a couple of others who are game as well. With a little good planning this feature

"BOY! WHEN IT MELTS FASTER THAN I CAN EAT IT... THAT'S **HOT**!"

"I'VE HAD HIM UP TO **HERE**!"

"YOU *COULDN'T* HAVE ME UP TO *THERE*, 'CAUSE I'M ONLY DOWN TO **HERE**!"

could go on, as 'Blondie' has done, with built-in succession.

I do travel still when time permits. We visited our friends in Europe last May and had a marvelous time as usual. And I expect to go back in late November for an examination of the Bordeaux wine country, with a couple of experts, to learn more about Chateau Lafitte Rothschild and a few of the other great houses up there. I have an interest in a Bordeaux winery up in the Medoc, so I'll be visiting that as well. So you see we cartoonists don't spend all of our time drawing pictures! But the deadlines *do* keep you close to home and of course the kids' school starts next week. It's good for me, having the youngsters around, because my eyes and ears are re-opened, and I'm much more aware now of all of the props and accoutrements of kids, and of the various phases that they go through—which is a nice refresher course. ●

Hank's son, Dennis, was about 4 years old at the time of this 1951 Carmel, California photo

DENNIS the MENACE

"WHAT *FOR*? YOU ALREADY KNOW WHAT I LOOK LIKE... AND NOBODY ELSE **CARES**!"

"HOW SWEET IT IS, JOEY... I GOT A DOG, A CAT, A MOM AN' A DAD AND MARGARET ISN'T TALKIN' TO ME!"

MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

A SPECIAL MUSEUM TRIBUTE TO THE ARTISTS AND WRITERS OF MAD MAGAZINE

Finally, after almost thirty years of working in obscurity, the talented artists and writers who have contributed to America's premier humor publication, MAD Magazine, will be getting the recognition they deserve. Beginning on Sunday, March 1, and continuing until Sunday, May 31, the Museum of Cartoon Art will feature an exhibit of original artwork by over 15 of the artists who have contributed to MAD over the years. Included will be work by all of the MADmen who have caricatured themselves here. This exhibit will be the first major Museum showing of MAD art ever held.

Since 1954, when MAD changed from a comic book format to a slick magazine, it has been a unique success story. While keeping a very low profile, MAD has showcased a regular staff of some of the most talented cartoonists and writers in the field and has maintained a high level of quality, as well as a widespread readership. MAD publisher Bill Gaines has strictly avoided any advertising or promotion for MAD, and the magazine itself carries no outside advertising.

In keeping with this philosophy, Gaines has also shunned any requests for exhibits to show off the talents of his artists. Recently, at the urging of editor Nick Meglin, Gaines decided that the Museum of Cartoon Art would be a place to hold a MAD exhibit with a minimal amount of commercial self-promotion.

For the first time, the public will get a chance to see examples of the work of such MAD artists as: Jack Davis, who has been working on MAD since its first issue in 1952; Al Jaffee, whose fold-in feature has occupied the inside back cover for years; Mort Drucker, the celebrated MAD caricaturist; and many more top contributors to MAD. The art of MAD is even more stunning when seen first hand because most of the MAD artists draw twice the size of that published in the magazine. The Museum hopes this show will satisfy the curiosity of those who have been wondering for years how this unique magazine is put together.

Special thanks for this exhibit go to Nick Meglin and Bill Gaines for making this event possible. And, of course, we thank the artists and writers who created the art in the first place.

A CHEAP, CRUMMY SOUVENIR OF MY VISIT TO

MAD

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The Usual Gang Of Idiot MAD Artists As They See Themselves

JACK RICKARD

SERGIO ARAGONES

GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

DON MARTIN

MORT DRUCKER

ANTONIO PROHIAS

DON EDWING

AL JAFFEE

BOB CLARKE

DAVE BERG

PAUL COKER

ANGELO TORRES

JACK DAVIS

BOB JONES

PAUL PETER PORGES

Celebrity Guest Schedule

March 1: Tony Dipret a, creator of "Joe Palooka."
April 4: Chuck Saxon, THE NEW YORKER cartoonist.
May 2: Burne Hogarth, "Tarzan" illustrator.
June 6: Chon Day, THE NEW YORKER cartoonist.
*July 12: Bill Hoest, creator of "Agatha Crumb," and PLAYBOY MAGAZINE cartoonist. The Lockhorns.
August 2: Open.
September 6: Bill Gallo, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS sports cartoonist.
October 4: Paul Szep, award winning editorial cartoonist for the BOSTON GLOBE.
November 1: John Cullen Murphy, "Prince Valiant" cartoonist.
December 6: Open.

The Celebrity Cartoonist Program is held every first Sunday of the month, beginning at 2:00 P.M. (*The July 12th program will be the second Sunday of the month.)

The Museum of Cartoon Art is located on Comly Avenue, off of King Street, one mile south of the Hutchinson River/Merritt Parkways. Hours are Tuesday — Friday 10:00 to 4:00, and Sunday 1:00 to 5:00. Admission is $1.00 for adults, 50¢ for children and senior citizens. For more information, call (914) 939-0234.

The Museum Celebrity Cartoonist Program has truly come of age. The First Sunday of the Month lecture program has always drawn large crowds but recent guests have broken all previous records for attendance.

Arnold Roth saved the day by agreeing to be a last minute substitute for our December Sunday and then wowed the SRO crowd with one of the most hilarious shows to date. A special thanks to Arnold for missing the Eagles Playoff game to help us out.

On the first Sunday in January, Jules Feiffer packed not only the lecture room but the entire Museum on one of the best attended afternoons in Museum history. What a way to start 1981. The program was fascinating and the huge crowd required the scheduling of a second show later in the afternoon. Jules graciously agreed to the additional appearance so none of our guests were disappointed. A truly memorable event.

February 1 is Ground Hog Day Eve. Cartoon fans know that as a significant day for Pogo and his pals. By happy coincidence, Selby Kelly (Walt's widow) was our guest on that Sunday. Selby arranged a symposium on animation which, in addition to her own comments, featured talks by three women currently involved in various aspects of animation in the New York area. They were Linda Davrio, top background and layout artist from Perpetual Motion Studios; Nancy Beiman, animator from Zanders Animation Parlor; and Helen Komar, veteran animator and assistant most recently with Zanders.

The huge crowd required a second performance which kept the ladies busy until after closing time. "The Weaker Sex" is not a phrase that applies to these women as they managed the whole day ordeal with nar y a ruffle. The program was one of the most informative and interesting events to take place here.

Here is the rest of the 1981 Celebrity Cartoonist schedule. If you plan on attending these shows, please bear in mind that seating is limited and available on a first come-first served basis. Two shows are not always possible so arrive early. I look forward to seeing you.

Chuck Green

Acquisitions

The Museum would like to thank the following people for their generous donations and support:

Mrs. Frank Zachary, original artwork by assorted cartoonists; Mr. Emidio Angelo, original artwork by Mr. Angelo; Mr. David P. Hotz, books on cartoons including W. Darrow, P. Arno and NEW YORKER ALBUMS OF CARTOONS; Mr. Zolton Rendessy, 10 original Al Capp lithographs; Mr. Jim Berry, a collection of clippings of NEW YORKER cartoons — a fantastic addition to our library; Mr. W. B. Van Riper, TREASURY OF SPORTS CARTOONS by L. Lariar; Ms. Toni Mendez, large collection of books and memorabilia and the original galleys for COMIC ART IN AMERICA; Mr. Guy Gilchrist, original SUPERKERNAL sketches, comic books and toys — some sketches are for sale here, contact us if you are interested; Mr. Robert Patterson, cartoon scrapbook of JUDGE cartoons by Mr. Patterson; Bibliotheque Municipale De Paris, 25 posters; Ripley International Ltd., 800 Ripley's comic books and 400 Ripley's paperbacks; Mr. William Hansot, two books by Armand Colin; Mr. Jim Ivey, animation cels and original art by Kahles, Bushmiller and Liney, and assorted editorial cartoon and comic pages; Mr. Randy Glasbergen, four original "Howie" panels; Dr. Robert T. Wallach, assorted gag cartoons by Rose, Shirvanian, Held, Arno, Ross — all beautiful original artwork — and a major contribution of hundreds of books, magazines and collections of and about cartoons; Mr. George Hagenauer, originals by "Andy" Hettinger; Mr. Herbert Richlund, 25 original cartoons and 80 photostats of cartoons by L. Pease; Mr. Royal Friedlander, "Dondi" and "Dick Tracy" negatives; Mr. Garry Trudeau, two boxes of autographed DOONESBURY paperbacks — these are being sold here at the Museum with Garry's permission; Mr. Bob Weber, 25 copies of "Meet Moose" paperbacks; Mr. Eric Gurney, 50 copies of THE CALCULATING CAT RETURNS.

AN APOLOGY

For those of you who have visited us lately and might have thought that the Museum was falling to pieces, we don't blame you. It is. Actually, the closed-off areas, the noise, the dust, the half-finished exhibits are all symptoms of a renovation period we are in the middle of. We assure you that in a few months the Museum will be transformed and look better than it ever has — with fixed ceilings, bathrooms that work, and exhibits that include acquisitions we've made in the last five years.

So, please, in the meantime, bear with the inconveniences, keep your fingers crossed that all goes well, and come and see us when everything is put back together again.

Thank you.

Brian Walker

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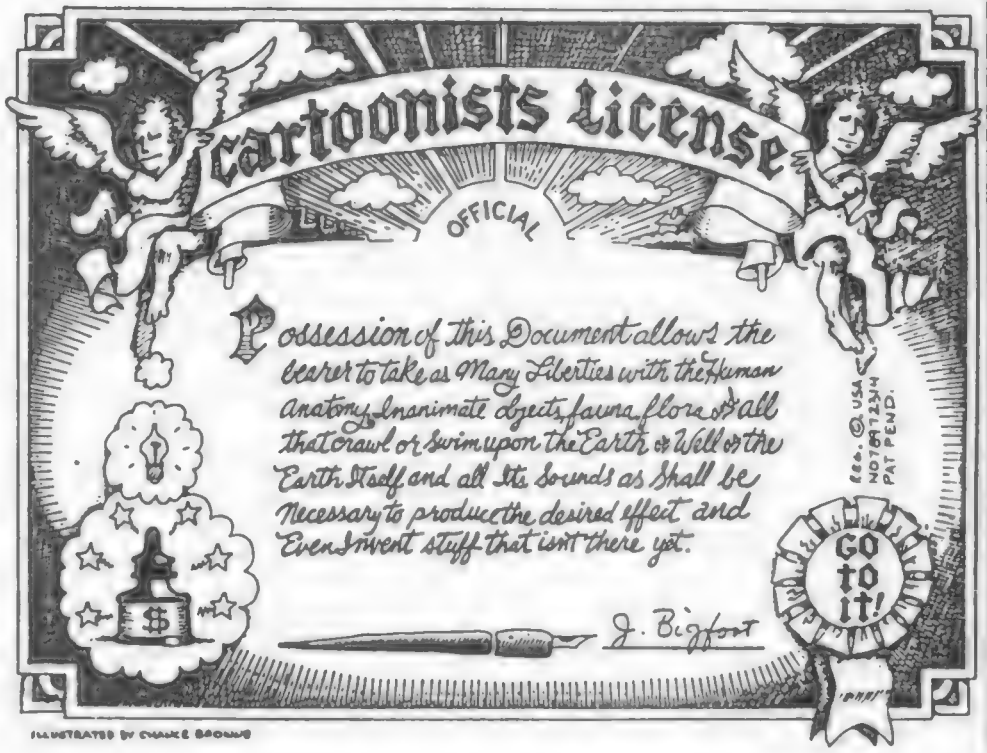
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J. Bigfoot
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ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BROWN

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Tex Avery in a caricature by Chuck Jones.

Tex Avery

by John Canemaker

Fred (Tex) Avery, one of animation's most innovative directors, died at the age of 71 on August 26, 1980 of cancer in St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, California. Ironically, this was the same hospital where fourteen years earlier another important animation figure, Walt Disney, died of the same causes.

The two master film directors were very different in their approaches to the animation medium. "I attempted," said Avery in 1975, "to do things that Disney wouldn't dare to do."

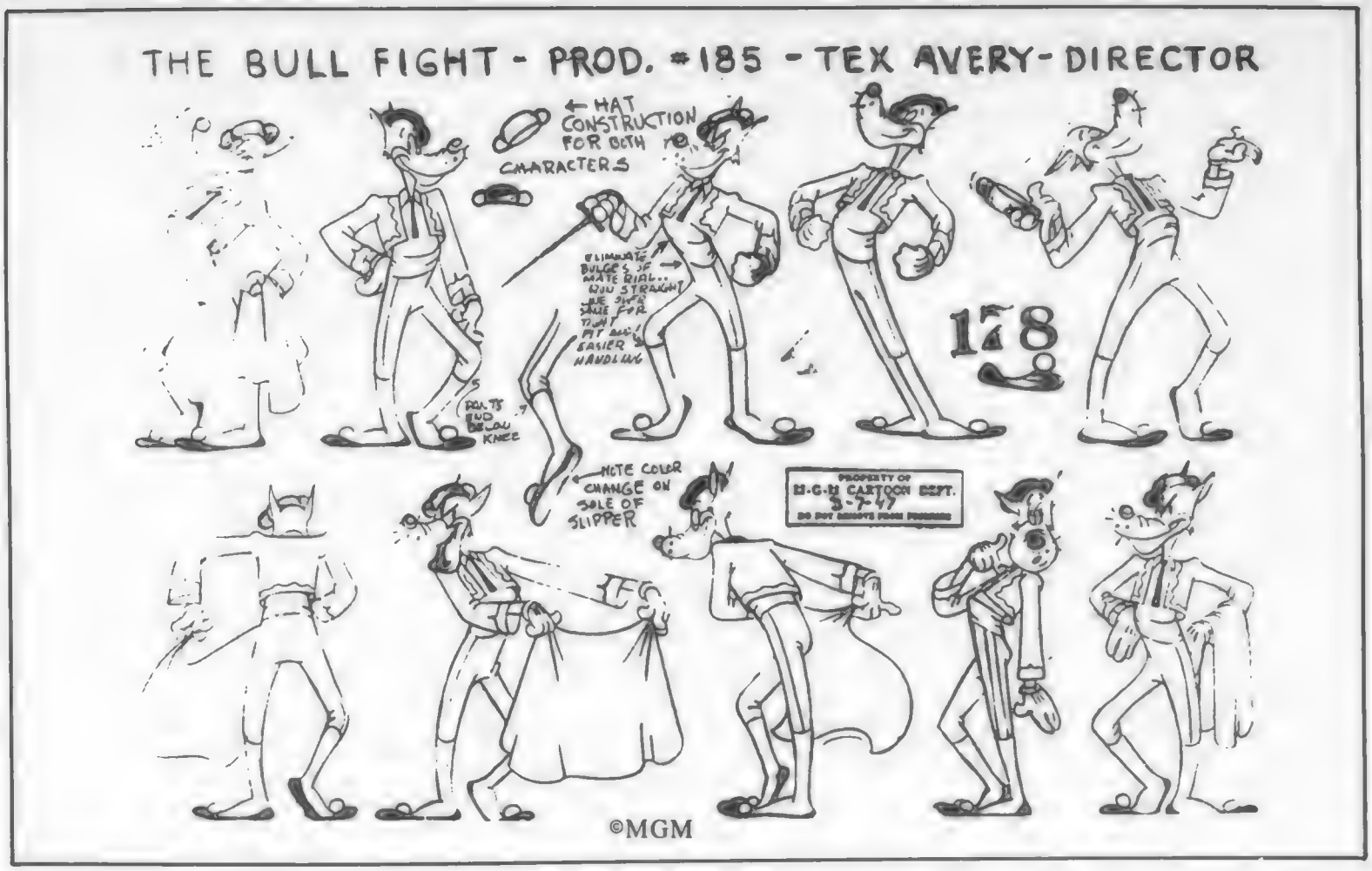
Throughout the 1930s, as Disney's shorts (and eventually feature-length cartoons) became more based on realism and attempted to disguise their cartoony origins, Avery's work at Warner Brothers was a reaffirmation—a celebration—of animation's ability to make the unreal come to life. Avery constantly reminded audiences that they were watching cartoons. Nothing was real in his fast-paced world and certainly nothing was sacred. An Avery character would comment on the action or explain the plot of the short he was appearing in; the character might break through the film's frame-lines, read aloud the movie's credits, or interact with members of the theatre audience.

In his book, *Tex Avery: King of Cartoons*, Joe Adamson describes "the first fully sustained comedic elaboration of a surreal idea in an Avery cartoon" in *Porky the Wrestler* (1936): "Porky (Pig)'s opponent in the ring swallows a pipe and begins chugging around like a train; Porky and the referee, trying to stay out of his path, end up following him around like railroad cars, and a succession of train gags follow: the bell is set up in one corner and begins clanging like a crossing signal, the water cooler rocks back and forth on a previously steady floor, and one member of the audience looks out the window and, seeing scenery go by, realizes he's missed his stop(!) and runs out clutching his suitcase."

"Tex Avery was a genius," says long-time friend Chuck Jones, who was Avery's colleague during their Warner Brothers studio days, when the cartoon unit was nicknamed "Termite Terrace." "I learned from him the most important truth about animation: Animation is the art of timing, a truth applicable as well to all motion pictures. And the most brilliant masters of timing were usually comedians; Keaton, Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, Langdon—and Fred (Tex) Avery."

Jones noted that it was Avery who "infused life into a rabbit named Bugs Bunny, who would have made a shambles of *Watership Down*; a self-serving, slightly insane Daffy Duck; and a sadly lisping hunter named Elmer Fudd who, disastrously and fruitlessly, and for reasons known only to himself, continually pursued this unappetizing duo."

It was in the Avery-directed short *Porky's Duck Hunt* (1937) that Daffy Duck was born, and in *A Wild Hare* (1940), the fourth in a series of Warner rabbit-hunting shorts, that the now-familiar personality of Bugs Bunny came into clear focus. "If anyone views *A Wild Hare*," Avery once told Joe Adamson, "they will find the personality that I gave the rabbit has not changed over the years." Avery's Bugs personifies the street-smart, cool survivor; he is the


THE BULL FIGHT - PROD. #185 - TEX AVERY - DIRECTOR
HAT CONSTRUCTION FOR BOTH CHARACTERS
178
NOTE COLOR CHANGE ON SOLE OF SLIPPER
PROPERTY OF M-G-M CARTOON DEPT. 3-7-47
©MGM

detached observer ("What's Up, Doc?") who never attacks unless provoked, but when threatened will counter-attack with devastating cleverness ("Of course, you know, *this* means war!").

Avery's six year tenure at Warners (1936–1942) yielded a number of brilliantly funny shorts and the aforementioned Bugs and Daffy, two of the greatest animation personalities ever created. But Warners was a practice ground for Tex Avery. When he moved in 1941 to the MGM cartoon studio, his experiments in timing, layering of gags, and free expressive use of the medium came to fruition.

During his fourteen years at MGM, Avery solidified his ideas and strengthened his style, which resulted in a series of shorts now considered classics of pure, quintessential Tex Avery. For example, *Bad Luck Blackie* (1949) is a great cartoon, one that demonstrates Avery's perfect, quick-silver timing, and his steady layering of visual gags from the plausible to the outer reaches of absurdity. In *Blackie* the slip of an idea that Avery builds on concerns a tiny kitten, who, when tormented by a huge bulldog, calls on a black cat for protection. By merely crossing (or bouncing or dancing or flying) in front of the bulldog, ill fortune of a progressively outrageous nature occurs to the hapless dog. At first a flowerpot falls from nowhere onto the dog's head and the kitty escapes. By the end of the film, the dog is desperately running to avoid a torrent of objects that rain on him from an open sky: an upright piano, a steamroller, an airplane, a bus, and finally, an ocean liner!

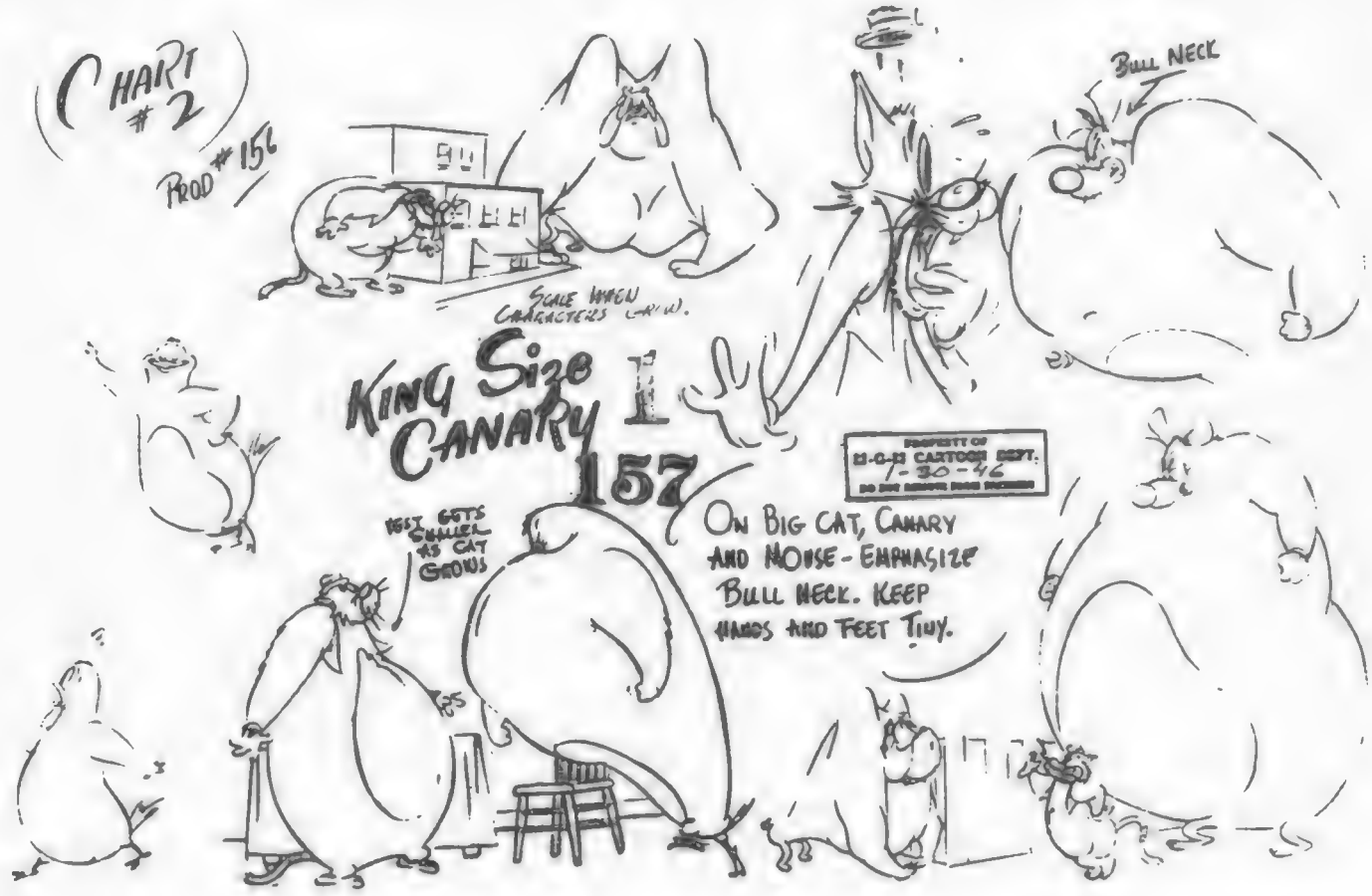
The violence in Avery cartoons is curiously painless, unlike the abusive hurt gags of Hanna and Barbera's *Tom and Jerry* MGM cartoons. Perhaps this is because Avery's violence is distorted to such an absurd degree it is beyond pain, beyond natural physical forces. We can only laugh, not wince, at such madness.

At MGM Avery created comic mayhem from characters who were filled with lust and sexual frustration in a notorious series of shorts starring a "Hollywood Wolf" and a sexy Red Riding Hood, e.g., *Red Hot Riding Hood* (1943), *Swing Shift Cinderella* (1945), *Little Rural Riding Hood* (1949), among others. In each film, the uncontrollably horny wolf-in-tuxedo

JOHN CANEMAKER, filmmaker, animator, author, lecturer and teacher.

This is a rare photo of the "Termite Terrace" cartoon unit at Warner Brothers, which Canemaker mentions in his story. From Left to Right: Virgil Ross, Sid Sutherland, Tex Avery, Chuck Jones, and Bob Clampett. We're reproducing this photo through the courtesy of Bob Clampett.

SENOR DROOPY model sheet . ©MGM



KING-SIZE CANARY model sheet. ©MGM

A "TAKE" REGISTERS A CHARACTER'S SUDDEN SURPRISE IN A CARTOON.
--THE AVERAGE CARTOON IS FULL OF THESE -- SOME OTHERS ARE SUBDUED TAKES.
ALWAYS PRECEDED BY A GOOD ANTICIPATION DRAWING-LIKE (B) BELOW.
--THIS METHOD OF GOING INTO THE TAKE GIVES IT A SOCK. -- BELOW M.G.M.'S HOLLYWOOD WOLF (A) SEES UGLY DAME (B) WOLF SCRINGES IN ANTICIPATION (C) FLIES UP INTO WILD TAKE.
A
B
C

Sketches from Preston Blair's original book, ADVANCED ANIMATION, published in 1942 by Walter T. Foster. Avery's wolf character does a "take". ©MGM

attends a nightclub and ogles Miss Hood, a singer-cum-stripper who usually removes her cloak to better expose a skimpy costume clinging to her tight trim bod which she jiggles through a chorus of that old standard "Oh Wolfie! oh wolfie! How you can love!"

The wolf's reactions to this display gives new meaning to the word "exaggeration". Never (before or since) has the screen seen wilder "takes" (single, double, and/or triple, and sometimes all three): the wolf's jaw stretches to the floor, his eyeballs grow instantly to the length of his entire body, he hammers his head with a mallet, blows whistles, kicks himself in the head, and so on. In one memorable "takes", the uninhibited energy of the wolf stiffens him top to toe in an unabashed visual metaphor of an erection.

The closest "star-quality" character Avery had at MGM was Droopy Dog, who appeared in sixteen films in twelve years. Pitted against the villainous, large-sized, fast-moving Wolf, Droopy seemed an ill-equipped competitor. Small, slow talkin' Droopy was usually cast as an improbable hero: a police dog, a Canadian Mountie, a circus daredevil, and so on. But Droopy had the luck of the innocent; a true underdog, he had a magic about him that helped him to triumph every time over the Wolf-ish forces of evil without even trying. When, for example, the Wolf as a convict flees Droopy literally by boating across a globe of the world from North to South Pole in about five seconds flat, Droopy is sure to be at the dock to greet him ("Boo!"). The Wolf reacts in his usual way: disconnecting jaw, ballooning eyes, wagging tongue resembling a super-highway, arms and legs flying off the body and returning, and other cartoony "takes."

Most of Avery's MGM shorts did not depend on strong characterizations for their success, but on our acceptance of an absurd situation and Avery's bolstering of the situation with impeccable timing and his appreciation of animation's potential for surrealism and abstraction. *King Size Canary* (1947) is a good example of a situation having precedence over personality in Avery films. This now-classic short parodies the innumerable cat–dog–mouse–canary cartoons that have existed from animation's earliest days and continue on television today.

In a 1975 filmed interview for CBS-TV *Camera Three* (which was

never aired) Avery described *King Size Canary*: "Through some quick-grow pills, the canary became larger than the cat. The cat grabbed the bottle of pills, became larger than the canary. We kept going until a bulldog got into the act, and very fast cuts—the cat would be larger than the canary—finally grew to gargantuan, huge things as tall as the Empire State Building. Cat, canary, bulldog kept growing very fast upanddown, up and down, one larger than the other. Finally, a close-up. The cat said, 'Folks, I'm sorry. We're going to have to end this picture. We're out of the stuff.' He showed the empty bottle. We pulled back revealing them on top of the world. Real cute stuff!"

In the same interview, Avery said, "In my career, I always attempted to exaggerate. Everything I did was exaggeration. I would attempt to top other cartoons that I had seen in the way of a 'take'. I would go further. I've been asked many times did I make my cartoons for kids. I never did. I thought nothing of the children at the time. My bag was the people in the studio. I would think of them more than anyone else. If it will get a laugh from them, I would go that route."

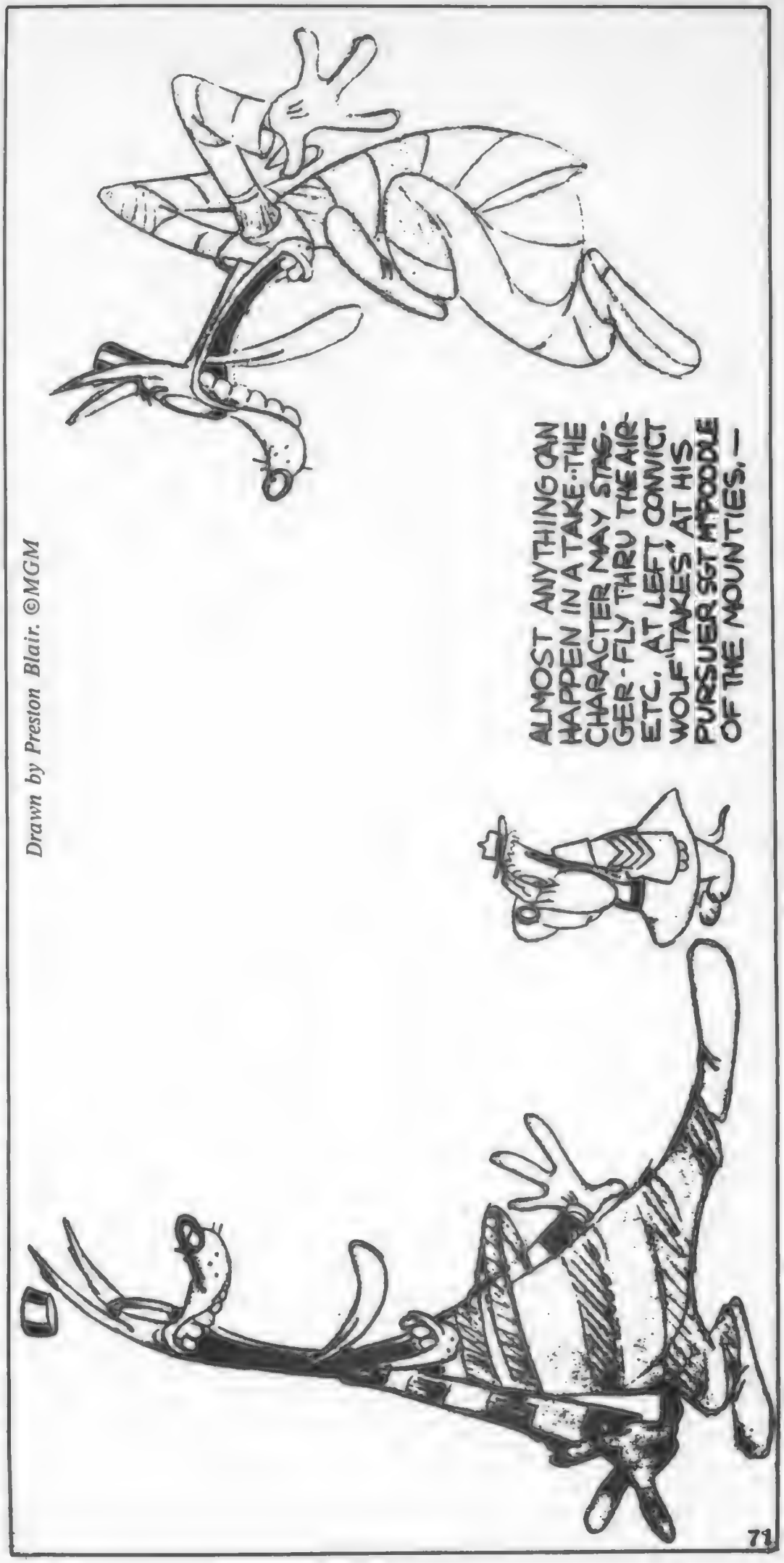
Tex Avery's fellow workers and admirers turned out in droves for his funeral. Charles Solomon, writer for the *Los Angeles Times* and an animation historian, attended and commented, "With the exception of some of the Disney people, virtually everyone in animation was there. Almost everyone had worked with him or felt they were, in part, a student of his."

In the eulogy, Art Shaw noted that Avery was a leader who never sought leadership. He never established a studio, never tried to do anything but make good films, yet he attracted followers and fans the world over.

"It was strange," said Charles Solomon about the funeral. "Many people remarked on it. To have this very dignified austere, solemn atmosphere for Tex Avery! You kept expecting the flowers to explode, the organ would go into 'Tiger Rag', somebody would go by holding up a little sign, 'Sad moment, isn't it?'

"It seemed so inconsistent for a man who created so much laughter and so much joy."

©John Canemaker 1980


ALMOST ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN A TAKE-THE CHARACTER MAY STAG-GER-FLY THRU THE AIR ETC. AT LEFT CONVICT WOLF TAKES, AT HIS PURSUER SGT MPOODLE OF THE MOUNTIES, —

Drawn by Preston Blair. ©MGM

A Conversation With Myself
Ron Goulart

RON GOULART, the popular novelist who has written so many science-fiction and mystery books, and who recently wrote a number of continuities for the 'Star Hawks' comic strip, has just finished this novel, 'Ghosting', which will be available in bookstores in the spring. All cartoonists will enjoy it particularly since many real-life cartoonists, and a number of scenes in Westport, Connecticut (the home of so many cartoonists), figure prominently in the book. Ron has written this interview with himself for CARTOONIST PROfiles.

Q. What's this about your killing off cartoonists?
A. I don't want to give away the plot of *Ghosting*. So let's just say the novel is about murder in the comic strip business.

Q. Why's it called *Ghosting*?
A. Because I think that's a nice title for a detective story. In fact, I had the title a couple of years before I had the plot. More specifically, it's about a young artist who's hired to ghost a very successful comic strip.

Q. What sort of comic strip?
A. It's called *Poor Little Pearl*, about a waif.

Q. Does your ghost artist get murdered?
A. Nope, but he begins to suspect that somebody's been murdered. He finds himself, for various reasons, forced to act as a detective.

Q. What reasons?
A. Well, he's in love with the granddaughter of the famous old cartoonist he's ghosting for. He's afraid that if he doesn't solve the case, she'll be killed, too. And maybe even he'll be knocked off.

Q. You wrote a comic strip, *Star Hawks*, for a couple years. Is *Ghosting* autobiographical?
A. Everything is autobiographical. But this book is, obviously, based on what I experienced while working in the world of newspaper syndicates and so on. Except for the actual murder. Then, too, you know, I've been a cartoon nut most of my life.

Q. I notice your paperback publisher, Raven House, says, "All characters and incidents in this book are pure invention." Yet—
A. Let me mention first that Raven House is part of the Harlequin operation. They're hoping to do for paperback mysteries what they've done for paperback romances. Which could mean some nice royal—

Q. If all your characters are invented, how come I noticed Milton Caniff, Stan Drake, Leonard Starr, Alfred Andriola, Jerry Marcus, Orlando Busino and sundry others hanging around in your mystery novel?
A. The story is set in Fairfield County, Connecticut, mostly in Westport and environs. It's like when you shoot a movie, the story is made up but the locations are real. The real people in the book are part of the backdrop.

Q. I notice your oldtime cartoonist is named Archie Judd.
A. Yes, Judd seemed like a good name for an ancient cartoonist.

Q. Your ghost artist also works for something called Maximus Comics, Inc. That wouldn't be a thinly disguised Marv—
A. No, it's pure invention. And the *Human Beast* he's drawing isn't the *Hulk*. The Beast turns blue when he's mad, not green.

Q. How'd you go about selling this mystery to Harlequin in the first place?
A. With any book, and particularly with a detective story, they want to know two things. The plot first off, what happens, who gets killed, what the clues are, how the—

Q. You're saying you don't submit the whole finished novel?
A. I submit two or three chapters and a fairly detailed outline. That shows them what the story is and just how I'm going to handle it.

Q. *Ghosting* isn't your first mystery?
A. It's about my twelfth or thirteenth. I've also done a lot of mystery short stories, including a series about murder among cartoonists that's been running in *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*. I even won an Edgar Award from the Mystery Writers of America a few years back.

Q. Any advice for aspiring mystery writers?
A. It's the same as cartooning. You need, beside talent, to stick with it. Most people who don't make it quit too soon.

Q. Are you working on any new mystery novels?
A. I've been thinking about one where a highly successful publisher of comic books is . . .

Q. Yes?
A. Let's save that for our next interview. ●

Duncan Macpherson

At the end of our first installment (Issue #48) of the conversation which famed political cartoonist, Duncan Macpherson, had with Paul Pascal, a Toronto teacher and cartoonist, Macpherson was telling about a cartoon he drew of the May Day parade in Moscow, just after Khrushchev had been thrown out of office. The cartoon depicted the crowd, the military show, the fellows up in the Kremlin in the distance, and in the middle foreground, identifiable to Macpherson and hopefully to other people by the back of his neck and head, stood Khrushchev—just part of the crowd. There was no caption to the cartoon and the general public didn't get the point. However, Macpherson mentioned that a cartoonist friend, Roy Peterson of the Vancouver Sun, got the idea right away, and Macpherson felt that the cartoon was correctly done and he stood by his interpretation. He goes on, here, to give more of his thoughts about political cartooning.

"Unless I do a hell of a sloppy job — and I don't *do* sloppy jobs — if a person argues with me about the execution of a cartoon, unless it's Peterson, I tell him I'm not interested. They don't know anything about my work.

"And if an ordinary reader says, 'I really enjoyed that cartoon,' I say that's fine, but I don't feel up or down. They often might add, 'I particularly liked the cat in the corner!' (Cats in corners are the hallmark of another Star cartoonist, Sid Barron.)

"But what I do enjoy is when another professional in cartooning says something. That really gives me a lift. Particularly if he has spotted a difficult problem and likes the way I solved it. Or if I've done extra fieldwork or injected added energy to get it across, and he's spotted it.

Macpherson by Paul Pascal

"By the way, I visited cartoonists in Kiev, USSR, in the early sixties, and the magazine they drew for offered me a job as a cartoonist! They said they would immediately push me up to a second level civil servant; I wouldn't have to go through all the red tape. They'd also give me an apartment, bring my wife and son over — course, I'd have to pay them back for that!

"I asked one of the cartoonists why they never caricatured heads of state. He said, 'Well, you don't caricature the royal family, do you?' I told him he wasn't up to date on his Canadian cartoons! Later I asked him again, and he answered, 'It is not necessary.' They knew they were under scrutiny; they just had to view it as a job like any other. The theme given to them that week was: 'Clamp down on people selling cabbages from their gardens in railway stations!"

A lot of people have had a lot to say about Macpherson. He brings out strong reactions. He was fired from one of his first jobs as an artist for a mail order catalog because he drew long underwear realistically — baggy at the rear and the knees. Granted, most of his years prior to cartooning, as a free-lance commercial artist, were not typified by firings, but when he first started working for the Star in 1959 (at age 35), many of the readers were shocked at what they considered cruel treatment of his subjects. Canadians, who stereotypically are reserved anyway, were simply not used to that kind of incisiveness — or perhaps, incision.

On the other hand, Roy Shields, a journalist and friend of Macpherson's, calls him "mad — a mad genius."

The late Edmund Wilson, considered by many as the dean of American critics, wasn't quite as terse. He wrote this in the November, 1965, New Yorker: ". . . In the cartoons of Mr. Duncan Macpherson . . . one finds a high level of political satire . . . more lasting than those of British cartoonist David Low . . . (He) is a Gillray reduced in scale, a more searing and grotesque Lewis Carroll . . . He creates a phantasmagoria for which the mediocre subjects themselves seem hardly adequate . . . I do not doubt that the originals of his drawings will hang someday in Canadian galleries."

Wilson was either prophetic or had connections; three months later Macpherson had a one-man show at the Art Gallery of Ontario, possibly the first time any political cartoonist beyond Daumier had been honored in this way in a major gallery. Similar Macpherson showings followed elsewhere. And this year the Public Archives of Canada took possession of a collection of 1,220 of Macpherson's original cartoons, from the Star. This was not government recourse taken in payment for owing back taxes; it was recognition of Macpherson's importance as a chronicler of history, to say nothing of the merit of his work as art. (Macpherson, it seems to me, sees himself as a kind of historian, and feels a duty to Canada in this regard, though he'd likely deny both contentions. Though retired now, he is spending the warmer months of the year

by Paul Pascal

in the Canadian Arctic, painting the land and the people — as they are, and as he feels sure they will change with the advent of the oil explorations and pipeline. He has said to Canadians, "All of us have one thing in common: this big, beautiful, lonely country.")

The National Newspaper Award (a Canadian version of the Pulitzer Prize) has gone to Macpherson an unprecedented six times, while, in 1971, Macpherson was recipient of the $15,000 Molson Prize from the Canada Council, an honor presented for "a man's total career rather than any single work." This is the same man who says he belongs to "the elbow-smash school of political cartooning."

But then, as Macpherson has indicated, it is only the recognition of his fellow cartoonists which means much to him. One of these, Ed Franklin, who after emigrating from the States, has been drawing the editorial cartoons for the Globe and Mail, (one rival of the Star's in Toronto) says this about Macpherson: "His style is pretty academic, pretty honest, a good technique. He's always had a good feeling of design and breaking up space . . . the whole thing is based on the good solid, academic principles of design and drawing." Another long-standing, and well-respected, Canadian cartoonist, Len Norris (Vancouver Sun), puts his views quite simply: "Macpherson is head and shoulders above anybody else in North America."

There is one critic whose credentials

MACPHERSON'S CHINA

In February and March 1979 Duncan Macpherson travelled through China for fifteen days. Armed with a sketch pad and pencils (in a Canton bank the clerks scoffed at him, showing off their brand new Bic pens) he travelled from Canton in the south, all the way north to Peking and beyond, drawing the sketches of life in China.

©Duncan Macpherson

may be dubious, but whose actions make Macpherson's position as a cartoonist clear, insofar as the Canadian postal system is concerned. This man (who shall remain nameless) mailed a less-than-cogent letter to Macpherson, sealed in an envelope addressed merely with the words "The Greatest" and a picture of a star. It reached him.

"... One interesting thing about those Russian cartoonists I visited is that an awful lot of them were influenced by Walt Disney! The closest thing to influence on my own work — and it would have to be sub-conscious — would be David Low. I always liked to use a brush. I must confess that when I was in London in the air force (1941-46), I used to go to the (London) Express office, and they had a special room there, where they turned out a Canadian army newspaper, and the room still had all the Low cartoons on the wall. I was just flabbergasted by this guy's use of a heavy line, and how he used either one edge or the other edge to tell the story. And at that time I was a nincompoop. I mean, I knew next to nothing about Japanese brushwork or anything else. Hell, I was only 19 years of age. I joined the army to get out of high school.

"Anyway, after the war when I went to Boston (Boston Museum School of Fine Arts) I studied printmaking — woodblocks and so on — and we were studying Japanese prints. And I'd wonder, how in the hell do they get that register, how did they get these colors? I wasn't looking at the art itself. Then it dawned on me — my God! It was terrific, terrific use of the black line. Later I picked up a book, Low's autobiography, and a section there said that he and his fellow cartoonists at that time were very strongly influenced by

Macpherson's China

©Duncan Macpherson

Japanese prints!

"Ronald Searle has influenced more cartoonists today than any other cartoonist, without a doubt. The trouble is, they just don't have Searle's artistry. Searle himself went through all different stages of drawing; he has a very solid art education.

"This is my complaint about many contemporary cartoonists — in a way it's minor. I mean, it has nothing to do with public consumption of their work, or their popularity. It's just that, from my point of view, as a professional, I wish they'd employ more drawing and design in their work. They won't use imagination in setting up an interesting piece of art — and I underline the word *art*. Of course, who thinks of what he'll leave behind? But if you want to leave something behind, leave something that can be read by generations ahead and still make sense. The thing is, the panel cartoon has snuck into the editorial cartoon, thanks to the American approach, and that is, the design doesn't really matter that much, the cut-line is everything. Oddly enough, it works — not only with the public but it works in the newspaper because, as I said, at the paper you may be an artist but everyone else is a writer; they're only interested in words.

"Pat Oliphant picked up on Searle, he was influenced by Searle. Now, Oliphant, *he's* damn good. He could do a Low that would make Low weep — marvelous brushman. Anyway, when Oliphant started working in the States, with this Searle influence, well Oliphant couldn't have been working in the States for more than six months and all of a sudden every other major cartoonist in the States was doing the same thing, the same style. It was amazing to watch. And my observation there is — God, if they're all that easily influenced just on somebody else's *technique*, how are they doing any original thinking on the *ideas*?"

Macpherson once did a cartoon of Prime Minister Trudeau alone in a Roman arena, thumbing his nose at the several lions (labor, business, etc.) which snarled and roared just behind bars in the walls of the arena. Sitting with Macpherson in his backyard, I couldn't suppress a fantasy I had of him in Trudeau's place in the arena, thumbing his nose at scores of pussycats and cows along the side — i.e., the wishy-washy people that form a kind of backdrop to his own colorful career, be they editors, cartoonists, politicians, or shocked readers.

Later I had another fantasy: Mac-

pherson standing on a table at the Toronto Press Club, belting out "I Did It My Way." Judging from what I'd heard about Macpherson, this last fantasy is something that could have happened. Legend had him doing all sorts of things, at the Press Club and everywhere else. He had been banned from the Club on a number of occasions, several of those times for life.

The purported stories about Macpherson which have turned out not to be true tell as much about the Canadian public's expectations of him, as the true exploits tell about the man himself. I had brought a list of these stories along for Macpherson to confirm or deny. He did not, I learned, once use a manhole cover for discus practice. "Come on, now!" were the exact words of his denial. Nor did he habitually throw armchairs, with one hand, across the tables at the Press Club. "The cushions, maybe, but armchairs? Come on!" He has, however, attempted singlehandedly to lift the bar at the Press Club. The bar has stayed put. The top of the bar was torn off. "Well, it gets boring in there," Macpherson told me. Reporters at the Club sometimes get boring too, he complained, or snarky, in which case Macpherson has occasionally brandished a fist.

This is juicy stuff, I thought to myself. I sort of wished I had a steno pad, to complete the picture I was beginning to have of myself as a Jimmy Olsen or Lou Grant's right hand man. Alas, I only had a tape recorder, so I just sat back and enjoyed it. Next on my list was the Russian caper. Yes, Macpherson did dine with a Russian diplomat at a posh Toronto steakhouse during which he decided to demonstrate a feat he has tried in restaurants the world over: to whisk the tablecloth out from under a tableful of wine, silverware, soups, salad dressing, crockery, and every other manner of sticky, greasy, and/or noisy dinner accoutrement. He failed; the contents of the table for four landed in the diplomat's lap. "Hasn't worked yet," Macpherson said to me, chuckling.

Roy Shields has been quoted regarding an apparent escapade of theirs which lasted several days, beginning with drinks at the Press Club in Toronto, continuing with a spur-of-the-moment flight to Montreal, and ending with the two being thrown off the return

MACKENZIE
TORONTO STAR

flight, at a stop-over in Ottawa, for their on-board shenanigans. "That Shields," Macpherson complained to me on hearing how his friend tells it, "he's told the story backwards. See how he's implicated me? Actually, it was Shields who was in rough shape. It was Shields who was carrying on, not me." The captain and Macpherson had an understanding, Macpherson told me; keep pumping drinks into Shields until he passes out — only Shields didn't pass out. "I just got off in Ottawa because he needed looking after."

Whichever version of this story is closer to the truth, Macpherson's characterization of himself, at least, reveals a side of him which is entirely plausible, though rarely seen in his cartoons. There is as much tenderness and generosity in the man as there is tough stuff and smart aleck, and all of these attributes explode upon the scene with equal impetuosity. Jock Carroll, a Toronto journalist, called Macpherson the kind of guy who would kick in your door, particularly if he has come to deliver a bouquet of roses.

Macpherson and Shields, to give an example, were once in a bar in Paris, when a drunken rowdy entered and began raising havoc. Macpherson could see that the bartender couldn't cope with the man, so Macpherson approached him and escorted him to the door. He noticed that the drunk had no tie, so he took off his own tie, draped it over the drunk's neck, and kicked him out.

Ted Martin told me that, some short time after a show Macpherson had had at Martin's Cartoon Gallery in Toronto, Martin's wife cycled over to the Star building to return a cartoon to Macpherson. She left her expensive ten-speed outside the building, and when she got back it was gone. When Macpherson learned this, he investigated the exact model and color of the bike, and had a new one delivered to her the next day.

But Macpherson does not fall into that category of people who become devil-may-care only after they gain fame and fortune. When he was a kid, he would draw on eggs and grapefruit in the supermarket. And once, after his parents had left him at home with instructions to paint his room, they returned to find the walls and ceiling covered in cartoons.

Come to think of it, Macpherson doesn't fall into *any* category. ●

THE HYPNOTIST

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